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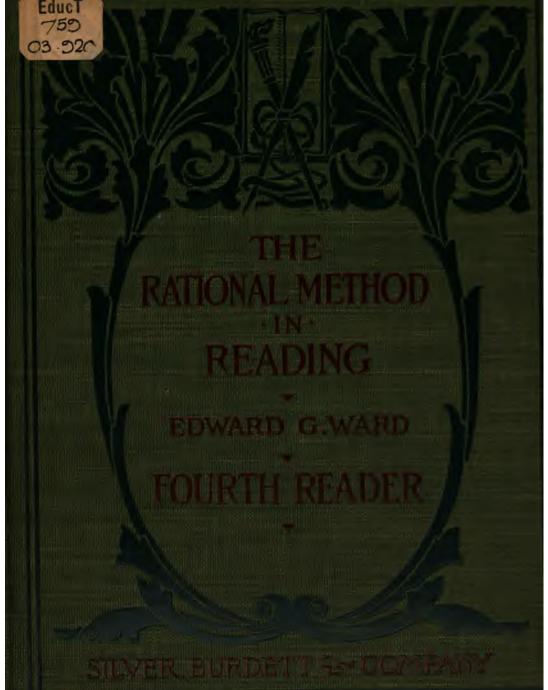
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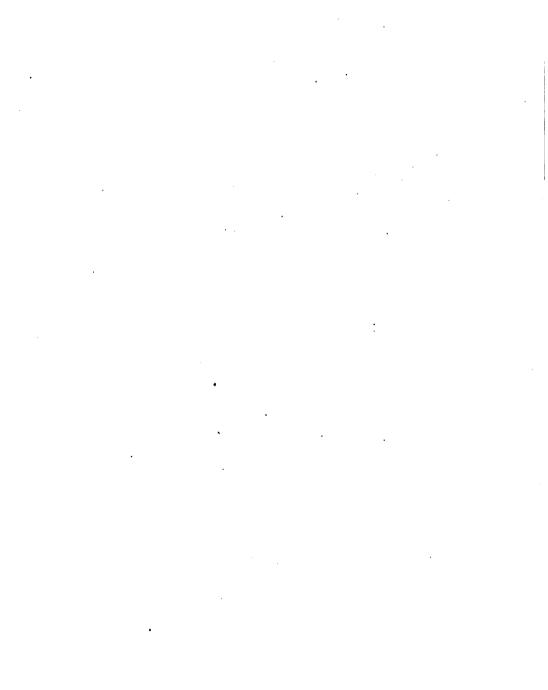


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THE RATIONAL METHOD IN READING fourth Reader

THE RATIONAL METHOD IN READING.

PRIMER.

Material · Conversations.

First

PART I. - Reading by the Word Method.

Year.

PART II. - Sight and Phonetic Reading Combined.

FIRST READER.

Material · Connergations and Stories.

PART I. - Sight and Phonetic Reading. Largely Review Exercises. PART II. - Sight and Phonetic Reading. Advance Work.

SECOND READER.

Material: Stories and Poetry. Literary and Ethical.

PART I. - Sight and Phonetic Reading. Advance Work.

PART II. - Sight and Phonetic Reading. The Remaining Phonograms. Reading with All the Phonograms.

Second

Year.

THIRD READER.

Material: Stories, Poetry, etc., from History, Folklore, and Standard Fiction. Literary and Ethical.

Sight and Phonetic Reading. Diacritical Marks omitted from the easier and more familiar Phonetic Words.

FOURTH READER.

Material: Stories, Poetry, etc., from History, Folklore, and Fiction. Literary and Ethical. Sight and Phonetic Reading. Diacritical Marks omitted from the Read-

Third Year.

ing Text. Blend Drills on Marked Words at the head of each Lesson.

FIFTH READER.

Material: Literary, Ethical, Historical, Mythological, in Prose and Poetry.

All Diacritical Marks omitted.

MANUAL OF INSTRUCTION FOR TEACHERS.

PHONETIC CARDS -

FIRST SET. To Accompany the Primer. SECOND SET. To Accompany the First Reader.

THIRD SET. To Accompany the Second Reader.

-7

IN VACATION.

THE

RATIONAL METHOD IN READING

AN ORIGINAL PRESENTATION OF SIGHT AND SOUND WORK

THAT LEADS RAPIDLY TO INDEPENDENT AND

INTELLIGENT READING

BY

EDWARD G. WARD

LATE SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS, BROOKLYN, N.Y.

Fourth Reader

(FIFTH HALF-YEAR'S WORK)

SIGHT AND PHONETIC READING. DIACRITICAL MARKS OMITTED FROM THE READING TEXT. BLEND DRILLS ON MARKED WORDS AT THE HEAD OF EACH LESSON



SILVER, BURDETT AND COMPANY
NEW YORK BOSTON CHICAGO

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PREFACE.

THE work on this Reader was largely done during Superintendent Ward's lifetime. The plan of both the Fourth and the Fifth Readers was carefully considered and determined upon, and a large number of the selections were made by him. The making of the books has been completed by Dr. William L. Felter, Principal of the Girls' High School, Brooklyn, formerly Associate Superintendent of Schools, and Miss Mary A. Ward, Principal of Public School No. 89, Brooklyn. To them Mr. Ward gave such careful and complete instructions that it would be difficult for them to go astray or wander far from the path he so clearly indicated. It is believed that all the selections are in harmony with the general plan of the series.

The ethical element is emphasized throughout the Reader. Lessons upon familiar subjects in nature study and upon distinguished characters have not been omitted, but the dominating purpose in the choice has been the ethical value of the selection. The value of such reading material in character development is apparent. Some of the poems chosen will also aid in the same direction.

Since the end of learning to read is to read the best books, the material for this Reader has been chosen with a view to its literary excellence. Both the content and the form of each selection have been carefully considered, as well as the tastes and the interests of the pupils for whom the book has been prepared. It is believed that nothing has been included which children will not be the better for having read.

Thanks are due to all the good friends of Superintendent Ward who have rendered service in preparing this book. Acknowledgment is made here and there in the book to certain publishers who have allowed the use of various selections. Acknowledgment is due to Helen Standish Perkins, also, for her kind permission to use "A Little Visitor." "The Elves and the Shoemaker" is published by kind permission of the University Publishing Company; "The Death of the Leaf" from Norwood, by Henry Ward Beecher, through the courtesy of Messrs. Fords, Howard and Hulbert; and "The Twelve Months" from Laboulaye's Fairy Tales, translated by Mary L. Booth, through the kindness of Messrs. Harper and Brothers. The selections from the writings of E. C. Stedman, Frank Dempster Sherman, Celia Thaxter, and Alice Cary are used by special arrangement with and permission of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, the authorized publishers of the writings of these authors.

TO THE TEACHER.

In putting children into this book make sure that

1. They know all the sight-words and phonograms presented in the lower books of the series, — and

2. Are skilful enough in "the blend" to determine readily any word made up of said phonograms.

If, therefore, your pupils have been imperfectly prepared for this book in the grades below yours, your first care must be to review and perfect the work of the lower grades, whatever time it may require.

If your pupils have not been prepared at all, i.e. have not been taught by the

Rational Method, you must prepare them ab initio.

At the beginning of a term, though the pupils from the grade below come to you well prepared, you will probably receive a number of new pupils who know nothing of this method. Meet the difficulty involved in this circumstance, thus:

During the first month of the term, teach the new pupils, by means of special drills, all the words and phonograms found in the following lists. Let them also, of course, participate in the regular reading of the class, but do not expect their reading during this month to be good. From the beginning of the second month, the class should be able to work as a unit.

VOCABULARY OF THE PRIMER, THE FIRST READER, SECOND READER, AND THIRD READER.

Sight Words (words learned as wholes).

a, accidents, admiral, afternoon, afterward, again, ail, all, am, American, amusement, an, and, any, apple, apricots, are, arm, as, astonishment, at, ate, — be, been, bird, boy, bread, buried, bury, bush, business, busy, but, by, — can, captured, collected, colonists, come, company, content, corn, could, cow, — day, determined, diamond, did, disappeared, disappointed, discouraged, discovered, disdainfully, do, does, dog, don't, down, drink, — each, eat, e'er, egg, eight, Elizabeth, end, England, English, envelope, ever, experiment, — February, floundered, for, found, Frank, from, fruit, full, — garden, gentleman, get, girl, give, go, goes, good, grass, — had, hand, has, have, he, heard, her, here, him, his, home, horse, how, — I, ice, if, ill, invitation, impatiently, in, is, it, — Jack, — kind, — laugh, less, let, like, look, — make, me, measured, milk, minute, mosquito, Mr., Mrs., much, — new, no, No. (number), nostrils, not, now,

— occasion, ocean, of, old, on, once, one, other, our, out, over, — particular, persevere, picture, play, prayer, presented, presently, president, prettier, prettiest, pretty, put, — quarreling, questions, — rabbit, regiment, relations, remember, remembered, respectable, Revolution, rewarded, — said, sassafras, saw, says, see, seed, sell, sentence, September, sergeant, sew, shall, she, silently, size, some, speckled, spectacles, squadron, stay, stranger, subjects, such, sugar, sure, — take, tell, than, Thanksgiving, that, the, them, then, there, they, thing, think, this, to, too, trumpeters, turkey, twentieth, — up, us, — want, was, Washington, watch, water, way, we, well, were, wet, what, when, where, which, who, will, wind, wing, with, women, work, would, — yard, yes, you.

Phonograms.

(By means of which thousands of words not learned may be easily read.)

ä, ä, a, ä, à, a, a, åir, år, &r, — b, bl, br, — e, ç, &, ch, cl, ck, cl, cr, — d, d, dr, — ē, ĕ, g, e, ĕar, ĕr, êar, êir, êr, ed, er, ers, est, ew, ew, ew, ex, ex, — f, ful, — g, g, gh, gl, gr, — h, — ī, ĭ, i, i, ic, ick, ight, ights, im, ing, ings, ip, īr, is, ish, — j, — k, — l, less, ly, — m, — n, n, ness, — ō, ō, ô, o, o, o, oi, ōr, ou, ow, oy, — p, ph, pl, pr, — q, qu, — r, — s, g, sh, sh, se, — t, th, th, th, tr, — ū, ŭ, y, u, u, un, ūr, ure, — v, — w, wh, — x, — y, v, v, — z.

(These phonograms should be taught or reviewed in the order in which they are presented in the Manual, and not in the alphabetical or reference order in which they are given above.)

In using this book, never have any lesson read by your pupils until you have specially prepared them for it in accordance with the following directions:

1. Use for blend-drill for the day the thirty or more words, properly marked according to the "Rational Method," which precede each lesson. 2. In using these words do not take them in order, but call for them irregularly by numbers, as No. 16, No. 2, No. 8, No. 3, etc. 3. Have them read by the pupils a number of times. Your experience will soon teach you how much repetition is necessary. 4. As a rule, give the more difficult words to the bright and the easier ones to the dull pupils. If you would not have the dull remain dull, give them plenty of work (always easy) to do.

This exercise will constitute at once a preparation for the lesson and the "blend-drill" for the day.

The daily practice on all phonograms learned is essential to success in this as in all preceding books.

Finally, — do not attempt the use of this or any other book of this series until you have thoroughly digested the instructions given in the Manual, pp. 5-15.

FOURTH READER.

LESSON I.

The Daisy.

BLEND.

1. hĕ¢ġ¢	12. ăp pēar¢d'	23. warm'ly
2. <u>dr</u> ŏpp¢d	13. no'tĭç¢	24. fē¢l'ings
3. hŏpp¢d	14. vĭş'it	25. lō y 'ly
4. eøun' <u>tr</u> ў	15. ăd mīr¢'	26. härd'ly
5. rōźd'sīd¢	16. mō'mĕnt	27. měád'ōws
6. <u>pl</u> ĕás'ant	17. $t\bar{u}'l\underline{i}ps$	28. <u>dr</u> ēam'ing
7. ĭn <u>cl</u> ōş¢d′	18. <u>tr</u> ĕm'bl¢d	29. löv¢'ly
8. pāľings	19. sĭl'ver	30. hŏl'ĭ day
9. Mon'day	20. çĕn'ter	31. ăp pēar'anç¢
10. l <u>ĕar</u> n'ing	21. yĕl'lō₩	32 . pē'ō nĭ ϕ s
11. ex <u>pr</u> ĕss'	$22.~\mathrm{d}ar{a}ar{l}'$ ş $reve{y}$	33. gl <u>it</u> 'ter ing
34. 1	b¢¢aū'tĭ ful 35. ĕ	ē'v ¢ n ing

In the country, close by the roadside, stood a pleasant house. In front lay a little garden inclosed in palings, and full of blooming flowers. Near the hedge, in the soft green grass, grew a little daisy. The sun shone as brightly and warmly upon her as upon the large and beautiful garden flowers, so the daisy grew from hour to hour. She never thought of being unseen down in the grass, or that she was only a humble little flower.

One day the little flower was as joyful as if it were a great holiday, and yet it was only Monday. All the children were at school, and while they sat learning their lessons, she, on her little stem, learned also from the warm sun and from everything around her, how good God is. She was glad to hear the lark in his pleasant song express her own feelings. "I can see and hear," thought she; "the sun shines upon me, and the wind kisses me. What else do I need to make me happy?"

Within the palings grew a number of garden flowers, who appeared very proud. They did not notice the little daisy outside, but she looked at them and thought: "How rich and beautiful they are! No wonder the

pretty bird flies down to visit them. How glad I am that I grow so near them, that I may admire their beautiful appearance."

Just at this moment the lark flew down, crying "Tweet," but he did not go near the peonies and

tulips. He hopped into the grass near the lowly daisy. She trembled for joy and hardly knew what to think.

The little bird hopped round the daisy, singing, "Oh, what sweet soft grass, and what a lovely little flower, with gold in its heart and silver on its dress." For the yellow center in the daisy looked like gold,



and the leaves around were glittering white, like silver.

How happy the little daisy felt, no one can tell. The bird kissed her with his beak, sang to her, and then flew up again into the blue air above.

⁻ Adapted from Hans Christian Andersen.

Daisies.

At evening when I go to bed
I see the stars shine overhead;
They are the little daisies white
That dot the meadows of the night.

And often, while I'm dreaming so, Across the sky the moon will go; It is a lady, sweet and fair, Who comes to gather daisies there.

For when at morning I arise,
There's not a star left in the skies;
She's picked them all, and dropped them down
Into the meadows of the town.

- Frank Dempster Sherman.

LESSON II.

BLEND.

1. won	5. fôught	9. tavíglit	13. spī'der
2. gr¢āt	6. <u>Br</u> uç¢	10. jŭmp¢d	14. Rŏb' <u>ĕr</u> t
3. Seŏts	7. <u>th</u> rĕads	11. € <u>all</u> ¢d	15. b <u>at</u> 'tl ϕ s
4. eătch	8. thônght	12. lĕs'søn	16. him sĕlf'

17. hă <u>n</u> g'ing	21. sōl'diers	25. nā′tĭv¢	29. s <u>tr</u> and
18. <u>tr</u> y'ing	22. watch'ing	26. b $\underline{\tilde{u}}$ rn ϕ d	30. foøt'stĕps
19. eăr'r y	$23. \ \underline{\text{br}}$ ē $\cancel{\text{ath}}\cancel{\text{e}}\cancel{\text{s}}$	$27. t \underline{\tilde{u}r} n \not e d$	31. wạn'd <u>er</u> -
20. ē n ϕ ŭg $\underline{\mathbf{h}}'$	24. hă <u>th</u>	28. fŏr'¢ĭgn	ing

ruce and the Spider

LONG time ago there was a king of the Scots called Robert Bruce. Bruce had fought the English in six battles and had lost them all.

One day he went into a barn to hide himself from his enemies, and he lay down on some straw to rest.

At the top of the barn, near the roof, were two large beams of wood. On one of these beams a little spider had spun its web, and it was hanging down from the beam by one of the threads. The Bolton of the control of the Roll of the later of the

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Then Berger and The Committee of the Com

The real of the same of the sa

Some with the final control of the first tenth of t

The man and the same of the sa

Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned, As home his footsteps he hath turned From wandering on a foreign strand?

-SIR WALTER SCOTT.

LESSON III. Five Peas in a Pod.

PART I.

BLEND.

1. påss¢d	12. <u>tr</u> ăv'ĕl	$23.~{ m ex}~{ m cl}$ ā ${ m im} { m \ell} { m d}'$
2. s <u>tr</u> ājģķt	13. hặp'p¢n	24. sŭd'dĕn ly
3. sl <u>ip</u> p¢d	14. mō'ment	25 . ϵ òm'på n $reve{y}$
4. s <u>up</u> pōş¢′	$15. \mathrm{sreve{e}'}$ ond	26. pēø'-shoøt er
5. p <u>ēr</u> hăps'	16. röll'ing	27. ex ăet'ly
6. yĕl′lō √	17. găr'rĕt	28. ç <u>ër</u> 'tain ly
7. hū'man	18. eăp'tĭv¢	29. děl'ĭ cat¢
8. pŏck'ĕt	19. wom'an	30. <u>pr</u> ō vīd'ed
9. jäck'ĕt	20. p <u>ër</u> f <u>or</u> m'	31. <u>qu</u> ī'ĕt ly
10. ō'p¢n¢d	$21. \ \mathrm{sup} \ \mathrm{par{o}rt}$	32. pā'ti¢nt ly
11. fär'thest	22. <u>th</u> ôựght'ful	33. sĕp'å rāt ed

HERE were once five peas in one shell. They were green, the shell was green, and so they thought that the whole world must be green also. The shell grew, and the peas grew, and sat all in a row. The sun shone without and warmed the shell, and the peas as they sat there grew bigger and bigger, and more thoughtful, for they felt the semething for them to de

there must be something for them to do.

"Are we to sit here forever?" asked one. "Shall we not become hard by sitting so long? It seems to me there must be something outside."

As weeks passed by, the peas became yellow, and the shell became yellow.

"All the world is turning yellow, I suppose," said they,—and perhaps they were right.

Suddenly they felt a pull at the shell; it was torn off and held in human hands, then slipped into the pocket of a jacket in company with other full pods.

- "Now the pod will soon be opened," said one, just what they all wanted.
 - "I should like to know which of us will travel

farthest," said the smallest of the five; "we shall soon see now."

"What is to happen will happen," said the largest pea.

Crack went the shell as it burst, and the five peas rolled out into the bright sunshine. There they lay



in a child's hand. A boy was holding them tightly, and said they were fine peas for his pea-shooter. He put one in and shot it out.

"Now I am flying into the wide world," said the pea; "catch me if you can." And he was gone in a moment.

- "I," said the second, "intend to fly straight to the sun. That is a shell that shows itself plainly, and it will suit me exactly." And away he went.
- "We will go to sleep wherever we find ourselves," said the next two; "we shall still be rolling onwards." And they did certainly fall on the ground, and roll about before they got into the pea-shooter; but they were put in for all that. "We shall go farther than the others," said they.
- "What is to happen will happen," exclaimed the last, as he was shot out of the pea-shooter. As he spoke he flew up against an old board under a garret window, and fell into a little crack, which was almost filled with moss and soft earth. The moss closed round him, and there he lay, a captive indeed, but not unseen by God.
- "What is to happen will happen," said he to himself.

Within the little garret lived a poor woman, who went out to clean stoves, chop wood into small pieces, and perform other kinds of hard work.

No matter how hard she worked, she was always poor, and at home in the garret lay her only daughter, not quite grown up, and very delicate and weak. For a whole year she had kept her bed.

"She is going to her little sister," said the woman; "I had but the two children, and it was not an easy thing to support both of them. The good God helped me in my work, but He took one of them to Himself. I would gladly keep the other that was left to me, but I suppose they are not to be separated, and my sick girl will very soon go to her sister above."

But the sick girl still stayed where she was. Quiet and patient she lay all the day long, while her mother was away from home at her work.

The Four Sweet Months.

First April, she with mellow showers,
Opens the way for early flowers;
Then after her comes smiling May,
In a more rich and sweet array;
Next enters June, and brings us more
Gems than those two that went before;
Then, lastly, July comes, and she
More wealth brings in than all those three.

- HERRICK.

LESSON IV. Five Peas in a Pod.

PART II.

BLEND.

1. fĭx∳d	12. <u>br</u> ō'k¢n	23. d <u>īr</u> t'ў
2. <u>dra</u> wn	13. daugu'ter	24. rē'al ly
3. <u>pr</u> ŏpp¢d	14. spō'k¢n	25. in'vå lĭd
4. rājş¢d	15. spär'kl <u>in</u> g	26. fĕs'tĭ val
5. <u>ĕar</u> 'ly	16. sĭ <u>n</u> ′gl¢	27. $\underline{\mathrm{ch}}$ ē ϕ r'ful ly
6. g är'den	17. mājd'∳n	28. pēa' tĕn <u>dr</u> ĭls
7. a mūş¢′	18. <u>bl</u> ĕss'ed	29. Hĕạv'ện ly
8. bŭd'ding	19. ān'ģĕl	30. rē mĕm'ber¢d
9. be l j ēv¢'	20. gŭt'ter	31. pēa' <u>bl</u> ŏs søm
10. <u>th</u> rīv'ing	21. pĭ'ġ¢on	32. ăc'tū al ly
11. plĕaş'ant	22. eăr'rĭ¢d	33. rē märk'å bl∲

Spring came, and one morning early the sun shone brightly through the little window and threw his rays over the floor of the room. Just as the mother was going to her work, the sick girl fixed her eyes on the lowest pane of the window. "Mother," she exclaimed, "what can that little green thing be that peeps in at the window! It is moving in the wind!"

The mother stepped to the window and half opened it. "Oh!" she said, "there is actually a little pea which has taken root and is putting out its green leaves. How could it have got into this crack! Well, now, here is a little garden for you to amuse yourself with." So the bed of the sick girl was drawn nearer to the window, that she might see the budding plant.

"Mother, I believe I shall get well," said the sick child in the evening; "the sun has shone in here so bright and warm to-day, and the little pea is thriving so well. I shall get better, too, and go out into the warm sunshine again."

"God grant it!" said the mother. She propped up with a little stick the green plant which had given her child such pleasant hopes of life, so that it might not be broken by the winds. She tied a piece of string to the window sill and to the upper part of the frame, so that the pea tendrils might twine round it when the plant became tall enough. It fairly shot up; indeed it might almost be seen to grow from day to day.

"Now, really, here is a flower coming," said the mother one morning, and at last she began to hope that her little sick daughter might get well. She remembered that for some time the child had spoken more cheerfully, and during the last few days had raised herself in bed in the morning to look with sparkling eyes at her little garden which held only a single pea plant.

A week afterward the invalid sat up a whole hour for the first time, feeling quite happy by the open window in the warm sunshine, while outside grew the little plant, and on it a pink pea blossom in full bloom. The little maiden bent down and gently kissed the delicate leaves. This day was to her like a festival.

"Our Heavenly Father Himself has planted that pea, and made it grow, to bring joy to you and hope to me, my blessed child," said the happy mother, and she smiled at the flower, as if it had been an angel from God.

But what became of the other peas? Why, the one which flew out into the wide world, and said, "Catch me if you can," fell into a gutter on the roof of a house and ended his travels in the crop of a pigeon. The two

lazy ones were carried quite as far, for they also were eaten by pigeons, so they were at least of some use; but the fourth, who wanted to reach the sun, fell into a sink, and lay there in the dirty water for days and weeks.

The young maiden, standing at the open garret window with sparkling eyes and the rosy hue of health on her cheeks, folded her thin hands over the pea blossom, and thanked God for what He had done.

- Adapted from Hans Christian Andersen.

LESSON V.

∞>≥

The Wise Fairy.

BLEND.

29. knē¢'-dē¢p		30. pā't	nønt ly
7. tr <u>us</u> t'ğ	14. s <u>tr</u> īk¢	21. $p\bar{e}\phi'pl\phi$	28. lōn¢′some
6. f <u>âir</u> 'ў	13. jēw'ĕls	$20. \ s\underline{tr}$ ān' $\underline{\dot{g}}$ est	27. frjend'less
5. <u>qu</u> ē¢r	12. să/m'on	19. <u>ch</u> ĭl' <u>dr</u> ĕn	26. s <u>ou</u> th'w <u>ar</u> d
4. flăx	11. <u>pl</u> ăsh'ing	18. shīn'ing	25. n <u>or</u> th'w <u>ãr</u> d
3. stāk∳d	10. pås't <u>ure</u> s	17. dĭgʻging	24. rĕ¤d'ў
2. dīk¢	9. dĭ¢ch'er	16. eøun' <u>tr</u> ÿ	23. <u>bl</u> ĕss'ing
1. røŭg <u>h</u>	8. d <u>is</u> 'taffs	15. stū'pĭd	22. <u>gold</u> ′¢n
•			

Once, in a rough, wild country,
On the other side of the sea,
There lived a dear little fairy,
And her home was in a tree.
A dear little, queer little fairy,
And as rich as she could be.

To northward and to southward,
She could overlook the land,
And that was why she had her house
In a tree, you understand.
For she was the friend of the friendless,
And her heart was in her hand.

And when she saw poor women
Patiently, day by day,
Spinning, spinning, and spinning
Their lonesome lives away,
She would hide in the flax of their distaffs
A lump of gold, they say.

And when she saw poor ditchers, Knee-deep in some wet dike, Digging, digging, and digging, To their very graves, belike,

She would hide a shining lump of gold

Where their spades would be sure to strike.

And when she saw poor children

Their goats from the pastures take,
Or saw them milking and milking,

Till their arms were ready to break,
What a splashing in their milking-pails
Her gifts of gold would make!

Sometimes in the night, a fisher
Would hear her sweet low call,
And all at once a salmon of gold
Right out of his net would fall;
But what I have to tell you
Is the strangest thing of all.

If any ditcher, or fisher,
Or child, or spinner old,
Bought shoes for his feet, or bread to eat,
Or a coat to keep from the cold,
The gift of the good old fairy
Was always trusty gold.

But if a ditcher, or fisher,
Or spinner, or child so gay,
Bought jewels, or wine, or silks so fine,
Or staked his treasure at play,
The fairy's gold in his very hold
Would turn to a lump of clay.

So, by and by the people
Got open their stupid eyes:
"We must learn to spend to some good end,"
They said, "if we are wise;
"Tis not in the gold we waste or hold,
That a golden blessing lies."

A Spring Morning.

The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world.

- ROBERT BROWNING.

ALICE CARY.

LESSON VI.

James Watt and the Teakettle.

BLEND.

1.	Watt	8.	ōn'ly	15.	l <u>is</u> ′¢∕n	22 .	<u>tr</u> y'ing
2.	ĕls¢	9.	be <u>gan</u> '	16.	twĕn't ў	23.	māk'ing
3.	danç¢	10.	<u>cl</u> ĕv'er	17.	hĕạv'ğ	24.	kĭ¢ch′¢n
4.	stēam	11.	ġĭ'ant	18.	$r\bar{e} \ \underline{p} l \bar{\imath} \not e d'$	25 .	nò <u>th</u> 'ing
5.	<u>qu</u> īt¢	12.	sĭl'ly	19.	ĕn'ġ <u>in</u> ¢s	26.	$\operatorname{laugh}_{f e} d$
6.	w <u>or</u> k	13.	boil'ing	20.	$\underline{\mathbf{wh}}\mathbf{ar{e}}\mathbf{ar{e}}\mathbf{ls}$	27.	r <u>at</u> 'tl <u>ing</u>
7.	<u>jus</u> t	14.	al'ways	21.	$n\bar{a}m\not\in d$	28.	$h\underline{un}'dr\underline{ed}$
29. s <u>tr</u> ŏ <u>n</u> ' <u>ēest</u>			30. tē¢'kĕt tl¢				

A boy named James Watt was once sitting by the fire in his mother's kitchen. As his mother put the kettle on to boil, to make tea, she said to her son, "Now Jamie, my lad, watch the kettle, and see that it does not boil over."

Jamie said, "All right, mother; I will watch it for you."

By and by the kettle began to sing. Now Jamie was a clever boy, and he was always trying to find out all

he could about things. So he said to himself, "What makes the kettle sing?" And he sat thinking and thinking about it till his mother came in.



JAMES WATT STUDYING THE STEAM.

Then he said to her, "Mother, there is a giant in that kettle."

His mother only laughed at him, and said, "Oh, you silly boy, how could there be a giant in that little kettle? There is nothing in it but boiling water."

- "Ah! but there is something else in it. There is a giant in it. Listen, and you will hear him rattling the lid, and making the kettle sing.
- "My giant likes to be kept shut in. He is always strongest then. If that lid were twenty times as heavy, he could lift it, and make it dance about all the same."
- "And what may be the name of your fine giant, Jamie?" said his mother, laughing at him again.
- "I will very soon tell you that," replied Jamie. "His name is *Steam*; and he is stronger than a hundred horses."

Little James Watt was right. When he grew to be a man, he made big, strong engines. And when people asked him what would make his engines work, he said, "The steam will do that for me."

But James Watt's engines could only stand still and do their work. They could not run along upon wheels.

- SELECTED.

Have more than thou showest, Speak less than thou knowest, Lend less than thou owest.

— Shakespeare.

LESSON VII.

The Slate Pencil's Story.

BLEND.

1.	<u>pl</u> āç¢d	12. pjēç'ĕs	23. răth'er
2.	smoøth	13. năr'rō₩	24. bā'sin
3.	t <u>ũr</u> n¢d	14. pŏck'ĕt	25. bĭg'ğer
4 .	knīf¢	15. <u>br</u> ō′k∳n	26. Frī'day
5.	thōựgh	16. mär'bl¢s	27. e <u>âr</u> ¢′ful
6.	<u>th</u> ôựght	17. st <u>ick</u> ′ў	28. pull¢d
7.	<u>th</u> rough	18. nēj'ther	29. mås'ter
8.	$w\underline{\delta r}$ th	19. wrīt'ing	30. won'der
9.	rĕad'ğ	20. lŏ <u>n</u> ′ g er	31. d <u>ĩ</u> rt' <u></u> ў
10.	bŏt'tom	21. a frājd'	32. shŏp'man
11.	<u>qu</u> ạr'r <u>ğ</u>	22. wash¢d	33. åft er noøn'
		34. sl <u>ate</u> ' pĕn çĭl	

I am a slate pencil. At one time I lived under the ground in the dark. One day some men came and began to dig a hole in the ground. They called this hole a slate quarry, and there they found a nice lump of soft slate.

"Ah!" they said, "this is a fine piece; it will make very good slate pencils."

FOURTH READER.

So the lump of slate, of which I was part, was taken out, and cut up into long, narrow pieces. Each piece was made quite round. After being made sharp at one end, we were placed in a box, and sent to a shop.

I was wondering where I should get to next, when little Fred Brown came into the shop.

He said to the shopman, "Will you please give me a cent's worth of slate pencils?" The shopman gave him two pencils, and I was one of them.

Tom Jones was standing at the door, so Fred said, "Tom, here is a pencil for you," and gave me to him. "Thank you," said Tom.

I had been thinking how nice I looked—so smooth and clean. But Tom had been playing with tar; you know what that does to your hands. He turned me over in his hands, and soon I was quite black. Oh dear! I did not look at all nice then.

Tom put me into his pocket, beside a broken knife, three marbles, a piece of string, some sticky candy, and a dirty cloth. How would you like to be put close to such things? You would not like it at all, and neither did I.

When we got to school, Tom pulled out his slate cloth, and out I fell. I got a bad knock, but I did not break.

I did some very good writing that afternoon, though I was rather sticky. The master said, "Very good, Tom; but you should keep your pencil clean." I thought so, too. That night he washed me in a basin of water; but as he put me into his pocket again, I was soon as dirty as ever.

At the bottom of Tom's pocket there was a tiny hole, which grew bigger every day. On Friday, I fell through this hole, and was broken into two pieces. The smaller piece Tom gave to a boy, and I never saw that part of me again.

Next day, he gave what was left of me to his sister, who is a careful little girl. She has me yet, though I become smaller every week. I am afraid I cannot live much longer: but I have tried to do my work well.

- SELECTED.



LESSON VIII.

orange

BLEND.

1.	<u>bl</u> ĭ <u>n</u> ks	8.	rōll'ing	15 .	e <u>old</u> 'er	22 .	pĕp'per
2.	n <u>ũr</u> s¢	9.	$d\bar{y}'ing$	16.	can'dl¢	23 .	a <u>br</u> ôød'
3.	b <u>ũr</u> ns	10.	fä'ther	17.	jŏl'l ў	24 .	wed'ding
4.	<u>th</u> ick	11.	sĭl'ver	18.	frōz'¢n	25.	lŭll'å by
5.	<u>br</u> ĕath	12.	w <u>in</u> 'ter	19.	r <u>e</u> in'dē¢r	26.	fī'er <u></u>
6.	<u>br</u> ĕast	13.	w <u>in</u> ′ <u>tr</u> ў	20.	ex <u>pl</u> ōr¢′	27 .	<u>bl</u> oød′-r <u>ed</u>
7.	w <u>est'ēr</u> n	14.	frŏst'ğ	21.	eøun′ <u>tr</u> ĭ¢s	2 8.	shĭv'er ing
-	29.	nā'l	x <u>ed</u> ness		30. eom	'f <u>õr</u> t	er

1. Lullaby.

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,

Blow him again to me; While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,

Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,

Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west,

Under the silver moon;
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

- ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

2. Winter Time.

Late lies the wintry sun a-bed,
A frosty, fiery sleepy-head;
Blinks but an hour or two; and then,
A blood-red orange, sets again.

Before the stars have left the skies, At morning in the dark I rise; And shivering in my nakedness, By the cold candle, bathe and dress.



SLEEP, DEAR CHILD!



Close by the jolly fire I sit

To warm my frozen bones a bit;

Or with a reindeer-sled explore

The colder countries round the door.

When to go out my nurse doth wrap Me in my comforter and cap; The cold wind burns my face, and blows Its frosty pepper up my nose.

Black are my steps on silver sod; Thick blows my frosty breath abroad; And tree and house, and hill and lake, Are frosted like a wedding cake.

- Robert Louis Stevenson.

From "A Child's Garden of Verses," by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

LESSON IX.

BLEND.

fr <u>in</u> ġ¢d	12.	au'tŭmu	23.	ē rĕet'
su'măeķi	13.	milk'we¢d	.24.	<u>cl</u> us'ters
<u>pl</u> ĕáş'ant	14.	stōr¢'h <u>ou</u> s¢	25.	l <u>is</u> ′¢n¢d
p <u>ēr</u> hăps'	15.	<u>bl</u> ă <u>n</u> k'ĕts	26.	eon tĕnt'ed
vĕl'vĕt	16.	ġĕn'tîans	27.	b¢¢ū'tĭ ful
In'di ans	17.	n <u>e</u> ľgľa′b <u>õr</u>	2 8.	<u>g̃old</u> ′∉n rŏd
eòl' <u>ŏr</u> ¢d	18.	m <u>ou</u> n'tains	29 .	f <u>am</u> 'ĭ ly
sūį̇́t′ed	19.	pĕt'als	30.	rĕl'å tĭv¢
lēaf'lets	2 0.	<u>Br</u> y'ant	31.	<u>tr</u> ăv'ĕl ers
fås#'¢n	21.	<u>bl</u> ŏs'sòm	32 .	$\bar{\mathbf{u}}$ n $\bar{\mathbf{t}}$ 'ed
eŏm'p <u>ou</u> nd	22 .	hĕ¤v'¢n's	33.	åft er ngøn'
$34.\mathrm{mreve{e}d'}$ ı ç	35. f <u>un</u> 'n	ĕl-sł	nāp∳d	
	su'măeh plens'ant per hăps' vel'vet In'di ans eol'ored sult'ed lens'lets fast'en eom'pound	sụ'mặch 13. plĕnṣ'ant 14. pẽr hặps' 15. vĕl'vĕt 16. In'dǐ ans 17. còl'orød 18. sū/t'ed 19. lēnf'lets 20. fàst'øn 21.	sụ'mặch 13. milk'we¢d plĕạṣ'ant 14. stōr¢'hous¢ pẽr hặps' 15. blặnk'ēts vẽl'vět 16. gẽn'thạns In'dì ans 17. nejgh'bốr còl'ỡr¢d 18. moun'tạins sūjt'ed 19. pĕt'als lēạf'lets 20. Bry'ant fàst'¢n 21. blŏs'sòm còm'pound 22. hĕạv'¢n's	sụ'mặch 13. milk'we¢d .24. pleás'ant 14. stōr¢'hous¢ 25. pēr hāps' 15. blank'ēts 26. věl'vět 16. ģěn'tháns 27. In'di ans 17. nej¢h'bōr 28. eòl'ōr¢d 18. moun'táins 29. sūjt'ed 19. pět'als 30. lēáf'lets 20. Brÿ'ant 31. fàst'¢n 21. blŏs'sòm 32. eŏm'pound 22. hĕáv'¢n's 33.

1. Miss Sumach.

"Good morning," said Miss Milkweed Seed as she stopped in front of Miss Sumach's home, where the wind had blown her. "I should think you would be tired staying up on that bush all the time. Just see how I go flying



THE SUMACH.

around the country in my white silk dress. You, poor thing, stay up there with your brothers and sisters, and never have a chance to get about and see the world."

Miss Sumach looked down on Miss Milkweed Seed, smiled, and said, "Oh! I have a pleasant time where I am. I shall stay here for a time, then per-

haps I shall leave when the cold comes. But some of my brothers and sisters may stay here all winter.

"Do you see what a lovely coat I have? It is of red velvet, and I wear it to keep my little brown seed warm. You fly about; but I am round, and if I fall, I shall roll until I find a place to make my bed for the winter.

"Some people like to eat me. If you taste me, you will find that I am sour; but children like that.

"Many years ago, the Indians used to come to

me to get red paint to paint their faces when they were going to have a war dance. The color of this lovely red coat of mine just suited them.

- "My leaves are rather large. Each leaf has one large stem with many leaflets fastened to it. A leaf made up of leaflets is called a compound leaf.
- "I have many leaves on my bush, and in the autumn they are almost like my coat in color. Now that they have put on their bright dresses, they will soon leave me."
- "Dear me," said Miss Milkweed Seed, "you seem to be quite contented as you are; but as for me, I must be going. Good-by." And off she went with Mr. Wind, who came along just then.

From her high perch, Miss Sumach watched Miss Milkweed Seed as she flew up, up over the country.

"I was made too heavy to fly," said Miss Sumach, "and I am glad to be here on this tall bush with my brothers and sisters. Soon some of us will drop and roll into our winter bed in Mother Earth's storehouse. There we shall be covered with two or three blankets to keep us warm."

—Frances Strong.

From "All the Year Round," by permission of Ginn & Company.

2. The Gentian.

NE day in the fall, a young gentian peeped out to see what its neighbors were like. It found many little people near, who had lost their bright, beautiful dresses.

"How do you do, Gentian? You are late in showing your pretty blue dress. Will you please tell me about your family? I have heard that you have a very large one."

The gentian drew up its head, and, looking at the goldenrod, said, "Yes, my family is large. We live in all sorts of places. Some of my people live in cold countries, and others live in very hot ones. Some of my relatives live on high mountains, and travelers always stop to gather them, they are so beautiful.

- "I am a fringed gentian. My stem is round and smooth, and I have one single large flower.
- "The petals of my flower are united, making a funnel-shaped crown. There is a beautiful fringe on these petals.

"Bryant says of me —

- "'Thou blossom, bright with autumn dew,
 And colored with the heaven's own blue."
- "My flower does not stay open all day. It closes in the afternoon.
- "I have a bitter juice, and am sometimes used in making medicine.
- "Not far away you will see some of my sisters. They are closed gentians. I once knew a little girl who kept some of the closed gentians in water for three days, watching for them to open; but they never open.
- "The closed gentian has an erect stem with smooth leaves. The flower grows in clusters. The crown is pale blue. Sometimes you may find white ones. The closed gentian grows in rich, moist places."

The goldenrod listened to hear some more. As it did not hear anything, it looked around and found that the gentian had folded its pale blue dress, and had gone to rest.

—Frances Strong.

From "All the Year Round," by permission of Ginn & Company.

LESSON X.

Stephenson

BLEND.

1. <u>qu</u> ē¢n	9. Ġ¢ <u>or</u> ġ¢	17. grōwn	25. l <u>if</u> t'ing
2. lov¢d	10. Jām∳ş	18. åsk¢d	26. $p\bar{e}\phi'pl\phi$
3. stŏpp¢d	11. Watt	19. <u>Ph</u> ĭl'ip	27. ē n¢ŭ <u>gh</u> ′
4. gr <u>ou</u> nd	12. <u>qu</u> īt¢	20. söl'dier	28. f <u>arm</u> 'er
5. hăst	13. tavíght	21. <u>cl</u> ĕv'er	29. lär ģ 'er
6. th <u>ou</u>	14. yøŭ <u>n</u> g	22. b <u>at</u> 'tl¢	30. twěn't ў
7. wound	15. jŏbs	23. ġĕn'tl¢	31. ta/k'ing
8. h <u>ĕar</u> d	16. thôyght	24. sŏr'rÿ	32. p <u>âr</u> 'ent
33. $e\bar{o}$ al' $p\underline{it}$	34. ĕv'er ğ	bŏd ў 35.	stḗ¢m' ĕn ġ <u>in</u> ¢

1. Sir Philip and the Soldier.

The English Queen Bess or Elizabeth, as she is generally called, had a great many men to help her, and do things for her. One of them was Sir Philip Sidney. Everybody loved Sir Philip, because he was so clever, and gentle, and good.

Once Queen Bess sent her soldiers into another land to fight, and Sir Philip went with them. In the battle Sir Philip's horse was killed. Then he said, "Bring me another horse;" and he went on fighting.

Soon a ball hit him on the leg, and hurt him very much. His men were sorry; and they took hold of

his horse to lead him off the field. As they were going along, Sir Philip asked for a drink of water, and they stopped to get it for him.

As he was lifting the cup to his lips, he saw a poor soldier lying on the ground very much hurt, and he had no one to get him a drink. Sir Philip put down the cup without drinking a



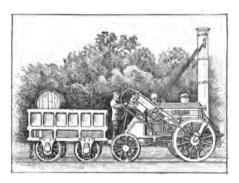
SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

drop. "Here, my poor fellow," he said, "drink this; for thou hast more need of it than I have."

Brave Sir Philip died of his wound. Queen Bess and her friends were all very sorry, and they often used to talk of Sir Philip's kind deed to the poor soldier.

2. George, the Little Pit Boy.

You have heard about James Watt, and how he found out how to make steam engines. I am now going to tell you about another boy, who grew up to



STEPHENSON'S ENGINE, THE "ROCKET."

be quite as clever as James Watt.

The other boy's name was George Stephenson. His father and mother were very poor people, and he was never taught to read and write, when he was a little boy.

When very, very young, George had to work to help his parents. At first he used to go into the fields, and watch cows, and do other little jobs for a farmer.

Close by where George lived, there was a coalpit. The coal was lifted out of the pit by one of the engines that James Watt made. Whenever he could, George used to watch this engine at work. He thought to himself, "I wish I knew enough to run an engine."

When he grew older, George got his wish, and became an engineer. By this time, he had taught himself to read. He liked best to read about the engines that James Watt had made.

At last George said to himself, "I will try to make an engine that will run along upon wheels." So he tried and tried, and at last he was able to make one. It could go twenty miles an hour.

Then everybody was talking about George and his engine. They said, "What a clever man little George the pit boy has grown to be!"

So whenever we see an engine at work, we must think of the two clever boys, James and George.

- SELECTED.



A MODERN LOCOMOTIVE.

LESSON XI. The Magic Swan.

PART I.

BLEND.

1.	swan	13.	Pē'ter	25 .	p <u>ēr</u> 'søn
2.	∲øū <u>th</u>	14.	ĕl'der	2 6.	nò <u>th</u> 'ing
3.	w <u>ŏr</u> ld	15.	wom'an	27 .	pēø'pl¢
4.	tøŭ <u>ch</u> ¢d	16.	tr øŭ ′bl ¢ s	28.	pr <u>in</u> 'çĕss
5 .	eavight	17.	ē nøŭg <u>h</u> ′	29.	for'w <u>ar</u> d
6.	s <u>tr</u> ājģķt	18.	for'tūn¢	30.	eov'er¢d
7.	loøs¢d	19.	f <u>an</u> 'çğ	31.	hŭr'rĭ¢d
8.	sējz¢d	20 .	y <u>on</u> 'der	32.	ch <u>im</u> 'n¢ў
9.	s <u>cr</u> ē p m p d	21.	fås't¢n¢d	33.	<u>dr</u> ĕød'ful
10.	<u>cl</u> ōth¢s	22.	<u>€<u>âr</u>¢'ful</u>	34.	b <u>it</u> 'ter ly
11.	s <u>tr</u> ĕţch¢d	23 .	fĕath'ers	35 .	sĕv'er al
12 .	măġ'ic	24 .	fĭ <u>n</u> ′ḡer	36.	dis tũrb'ing
		37.	p <u>êar'tr</u> ē¢		

Once upon a time there was a youth named Peter. He had two elder brothers, who were very unkind to him, and often made him wish that he had never been born. One day, when he was in the wood gathering sticks and crying bitterly, a little old woman came up to him, and asked him what was the matter; and he told her all his troubles.

"Come, my good youth," said the old dame, "is not the world wide enough? Why do you not set out and try your fortune somewhere else? I will tell you what you must do, for I have taken a fancy to you, and I am sure you will not forget me when you are rich and great."

Peter said that he would not; and the old woman went on: "This evening at sunset go to yonder peartree. Under it you will find a man lying asleep, and a beautiful swan will be fastened to the tree close to him. You must be careful not to wake the man, but you must unfasten the swan and take it away with you. You will find that every one will fall in love with its fine feathers, and you must let any one who likes pull out a feather. But as soon as the swan feels as much as a finger on it, it will scream out, and then you must say, 'Swan, hold fast!'

"Then the hand of the person who has touched the swan will be held fast, and nothing will set it free, unless you touch it with this little stick which I will give you. When you have caught several people in this way, lead them straight on with you. You will come to a big town where a princess lives who has never been known to laugh. If you can only make her laugh your fortune is made; then I beg you will not forget your old friend."

Peter again said he would not, and at sunset he went to the tree which the old woman had pointed out. The man lay there fast asleep, and a beautiful swan was fastened to the tree beside him by a red cord. Peter loosed the bird, and led it away with him, without disturbing its master.

He walked on with the swan for some time, and came at last to a yard where some men were at work. They were all pleased with the bird's fine feathers; and one forward youth, who was covered with clay from head to foot, called out, "Oh, if only I had one of those feathers, how happy I should be!"

"Pull one out, then," said Peter, kindly; and the youth seized one from the bird's tail. The swan screamed, and Peter called out, "Swan, hold fast!" and, do what he would, the poor youth could not get

away his hand. The more he howled the more the others laughed, till a girl, who had been washing clothes in a stream close by, hurried up to see what



PETER AND HIS BEAUTIFUL SWAN. .

was the matter. When she saw the poor boy fastened to the swan, she felt so sorry for him that she stretched out her hand to free him.

The bird screamed. "Swan, hold fast!" cried Peter, and the girl was caught also. When Peter had gone on for a bit they met a chimney-sweep, who laughed loudly over the strange troop, and asked the girl what she was doing.

"Oh, dearest John," said the girl, "give me your hand, and set me free from this dreadful young man."

"I will, if that is all you want," said the sweep, and he gave the girl his hand. The bird screamed. "Swan, hold fast!" said Peter, and the chimney-sweep was added to the troop.



LESSON XII.

The Magic Swan.

PART II.

BLEND.

$1. \underline{\mathbf{gl}} \bar{\mathbf{u}} \not = \mathbf{d}$	10. eaµs¢	19. hŭş'band	28. b <u>ũr</u> n'ing
2. gråsp¢d	11. vĭl′laġ¢	20. t <u>ow</u> 'ers	29. van'ish ϕ d
3. fōµr <u>th</u>	12. d <u>îr</u> t'ğ	21. s <u>ĕr</u> v'ants	30 . r <u>oy</u> 'al
4. sējz¢d	13. pär't <u>ğ</u>	22. eăr'rĭøġ¢	31. eăs'ţl¢
5. förç¢d	14. māy'ðr	23. eā'pers	32. māy'õr ĕs\$
6. front	15. fgøl'ish	24. or'der¢d	33. won'der ful
7. b <u>ũr</u> st	16. ă <u>n'gr</u> ў	25. davighter	34. dē l <u>ight</u> 'ed
8. stěpp¢d	17. pō lïç ϕ'	26. <u>pr</u> ŏm'is¢d	35. fŏl′lō y ⁄ ers
9. choøs¢	18. in'sŭlt	27. thou'sand	36. h <u>ou</u> s¢'kē¢per

They soon came to a village where a fair was being held. A clown was just doing his tricks. He opened his eyes wide when he saw the three fastened to the swan's tail. "Have you gone raving mad, Blackie?" he asked; as well as he could for laughing.

"It's no laughing matter," the sweep replied.

"This girl has hold of me so tightly that I feel as if I were glued to her. Do set me free, like a good clown, and I will do you a good turn some day."

The clown at once grasped the dirty hand. The bird screamed. "Swan, hold fast!" called out Peter, and the clown became the fourth of the party.

Now, in the crowd was the mayor of the village, who was much put out by what he thought nothing but a foolish trick. So angry was he that he seized the clown by the hand and tried to tear him away, in order to hand him over to the police. Then the bird screamed, and Peter called out, "Swan, hold fast!" and the mayor was fastened to the rest.

The mayoress, a long thin stick of a woman, mad at the insult done to her husband, seized his free arm and tore at it with all her might; and she, too, was forced to join the rest. After this, no one else had any wish to join them.

Soon Peter saw the towers of the town in front of him. A coach came out, in which was seated a young lady as beautiful as the day, but with a very sad face. No sooner had she seen the crowd fastened to the swan's tail than she burst into laughter, in which

she was joined by all her servants and ladies-inwaiting.

"The princess has laughed at last!" they all cried with joy. She stepped out of her carriage to look more closely at the wonderful sight, and laughed again at the capers which the people cut. She ordered her carriage to be turned round, and drove slowly back into the town, never taking her eyes off Peter and his train.

When the king heard that his daughter had laughed, he was more than delighted, and had Peter and his followers brought before him. When he saw them he laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks.

- "My good friend," he said to Peter, "do you know what I promised the person who could make the princess laugh?"
 - "No, I do not," said Peter.
- "Then I will tell you," answered the king; "a thousand gold crowns, or a piece of land. Which will you choose?"

Peter said that he would have the land. Then he touched the youth, the girl, the sweep, the clown, the mayor, and the mayoress with his little stick, and they were all free again, and ran away home as if a

fire were burning behind them; and their flight gave rise to more laughing.

Then the princess felt moved to stroke the swan. The bird screamed. "Swan, hold fast!" called out Peter, and so he won the princess for his bride. But the swan flew up into the air, and vanished in the blue sky.

Peter now became a very great man indeed; but he did not forget the little old woman who had been the cause of all his good fortune, and he made her head housekeeper to him and his royal bride in their grand castle.

—Adapted from the "Green Fairy Book," by Andrew Lang.

Published by Longmans, Green, & Co.

The Laugh of a Child.

I love it, I love it, the laugh of a child,

Now rippling and gentle, now merry and wild;

Ringing out on the air with its innocent gush,

Like the trill of a bird at the twilight's soft hush;

Floating off on the breeze, like the tones of a bell,

Or the music that dwells in the heart of a shell;

Oh! the laugh of a child, so wild and so free,

Is the merriest sound in the world for me.

- SELECTED.

LESSON XIII.

BLEND.

1.	poøls	13.	a mong'	25.	sŭm'mer
2.	through	14.	fŏr'¢ĭgn	26.	morn'ing
3.	should	15.	<u>ch</u> ĕr'r ÿ	27.	tĭ <u>n'gl</u> ing
4.	<u>th</u> ŭm\s	16.	a brøad'	28.	rŏb'ins
5 .	t <u>ũr</u> n¢d	17.	gär'd¢n	29.	flōw'ing
6.	plĕaş'ant er	18.	a d <u>or</u> n¢d'	30.	shĕp'µ <u>ĕr</u> ds
7.	<u>bl</u> ăck'bird	19.	dim'pling	31.	ç <u>it</u> ′ĭ¢s
8.	grē¢n'est	20.	pēø'pl¢		clus'ter ing
9.	home'ward	21.	tramp'ing		ēj'ther
10.	hā'z¢l		<u>ch</u> ĭl' <u>dr</u> ĕn		on'wãrd
	shăd'ōw		fär'ther		f <u>âir</u> 'ŏ
12.	mĕad'ōw	24.	frŏst'ÿ		grōwn'-up
	37. look'ing-		•	stō'r ў- b	9 - / 1

1. A Pleasant Way.

Where the pools are bright and deep, Where the gray trout lies asleep, Up the river and over the lea,— That's the way for Billy and me. Where the blackbird sings the latest, Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest, Where the nestlings chirp and flee,— That's the way for Billy and me.



Where the mowers mow the cleanest, Where the hay lies thickest, greenest, There to trace the homeward bee,— That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest, Where the shadow lies the deepest, Where the clustering nuts fall free,— That's the way for Billy and me.

There let us walk, there let us play, Through the meadow, among the hay, Up the water and over the lea,— That's the way for Billy and me.

-JAMES HOGG.

2. Foreign Lands.

Up into the cherry tree
Who should climb but little me?
I held the trunk with both my hands,
And looked abroad on foreign lands.

I saw the next door garden lie, Adorned with flowers, before my eye, And many pleasant places more That I had never seen before.

I saw the dimpling river pass And be the sky's blue looking-glass; The dusty roads go up and down, With people tramping into town.

If I could find a higher tree,
Farther and farther I should see,
To where the grown-up river slips
Into the sea among the ships—

To where the roads on either hand Lead onward into fairy land, Where all the children dine at five, And all the playthings come alive.

- ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

From "A Child's Garden of Verses," by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

3. Picture Books in Winter.

Summer fading, winter comes — Frosty mornings, tingling thumbs, Window robins, winter rooks, And the picture story-books.

Water now is turned to stone — Stone that I can walk upon; Still we find the flowing brooks, In the picture story-books.

All the pretty things put by, Wait upon the children's eye, Sheep and shepherds, trees and crooks, In the picture story-books.

We may see how all things are Seas and cities, near and far, And the flying fairies' looks, In the picture story-books.

- ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

From "A Child's Garden of Verses," by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

LESSON XIV. The First Thanksgiving.

PART I.

Oceanus Hopkins

Mary Chilton

			BLEND.		
1.	$\underline{\mathrm{dr}}$ ŏpp ϕ d	12.	Hŏl'land	23.	ē nøŭg <u>h</u> ′
2.	mĕant	13.	<u>qu</u> ē¢r'ly	24 .	$h\bar{l}d\phi$ -and- <u>see</u> k'
3.	· <u>cr</u> ōw¢d	14.	s <u>tr</u> ānġ¢′ly	2 5.	<u>cr</u> u'ĕl ly
4.	Dutch	15.	e <u>us</u> 'ṭòms	26.	Pū'rĭ tan
5.	$\text{wh}\underline{\text{ip}}\text{p}\not\text{e}\text{d}$	16.	ō'cean	27.	Ăl'ler ton
6.	$\underline{\mathbf{dr}}\mathbf{\breve{e}ss}\mathbf{\not{e}d}$	17.	a mūṣ¢'	2 8.	Pĕr'e <u>gr</u> in¢
7.	$\underline{\mathbf{cl}}$ oth $\phi\mathbf{s}$	18.	ă <u>n</u> 'eµŏr	29 .	hŭr'r ÿ ing
8.	ō'p¢n¢d	19.	<u>Pl</u> ўm′¢ŭ <u>th</u>	30 .	rē mĕm'ber
9.	<u>pr</u> ĭṣ'ons	2 0.	a shōr¢ ′	31.	Māy'fl <u>ow</u> er
10.	w <u>ỡr</u> ′sh <u>ip</u>	21 .	lēap'-frŏg	32 .	b¢¢aū′tĭ ful
11.	wă g 'on	22 .	stärt'ed	33.	Ū nīt'ed Stāt∉s

Many, many years ago some people called Puritans lived in England. The king of their country would not

allow them to pray to God as they wished: He said they must offer the same prayers he did. When they said they would pray as they thought right, they were treated very cruelly. They were whipped and put into dark prisons, and some of them were even put to death.

At last these people said, "We'll move away from England, and go to a country where we can worship God as we think right." And they did move, not in a wagon as we do, but in a ship. It carried them away to a land called Holland. The little boys and girls who lived there were dressed very queerly, and they talked so strangely that the English boys and girls could not understand them. They were little Dutch children.

The Dutch and the English children soon became good friends. In a little while Mary Chilton and Hope Allerton and all the other English children began to talk Dutch, and to play Dutch games. Indeed, they even cried because they could not wear Dutch clothes.

"Dear me," said their fathers, "this will never do. We want our children to be English, and to love England and her customs"—for these people still loved their country and their flag, just as we love our own United States, and the red, white, and blue. "They say that over the ocean there is a country called America, where we can go and build houses like those we had at home, and where we can bring up our children to be English. Let us go to America."

They secured two boats and started for America. One boat was too old and worn to cross the ocean. So all the people got on the other one, which was called the *Mayflower*, and sailed away.

This ship was very crowded. It rocked so that all the girls and boys grew tired, and wished that they could get off and play on the land.

While they were on the ocean, two beautiful playthings came to amuse them. What do you think they were? Two dear little baby boys! All the little ones were as quiet and good as could be, so the mothers would trust them, and let them help take care of the babies. One baby was named Peregrine White, and the other was Oceanus Hopkins.

At last, one day the children ran to the babies, crying out, "Oh, you dear babies, we're going to get out of the boat, and go on the land once more! We can see it now, away off. We'll all get into the little

boat, and our fathers will take us ashore. What fun we'll have playing tag, and leap-frog, and hide-and-seek!" The babies opened their eyes and crowed. They did not know what land meant.

The next day the sailors furled all the sails, and dropped anchor near the land. All the fathers got into

the little boat, and rowed to the shore to see what the place was like. In a little



PEREGRINE WHITE'S CRADLE.

while they came back and called out, "Come, children, we will take you ashore." Such a hurrying as there was to get into the boat!

In a few minutes off they started. Mary Chilton stood up ready to jump ashore as soon as the boat got near enough.

Back and forth the little boat went, until all the boys and girls, and the men and women, were brought from the ship. It was a bitter cold day, but they did not mind the cold. "It's so good to be on land again," cried Mary Chilton; "we don't care if we haven't any houses or fires."

"We will build houses," said the fathers. "And

we will help," said the boys. The babies crowed, as if to say, "We'll help, too."

The place where they landed was named Plymouth. I want you to remember that.

LESSON XV.

The First Thanksgiving.

PART II.

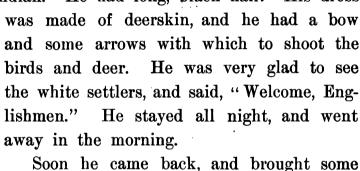
BLEND.

1.	mon <u>th</u> s	10.	dånç¢d	19.	h <u>ou</u> s∉′-	27 .	In'di an
2.	$laugh \not\!\! e d$	11.	Pĭl'grims		work	2 8.	but'ter flī¢s
3.	shōw¢d	12.	<u>tr</u> ăv'ĕl¢d	2 0.	pär't ў	29 .	pō tā'tō¢s
4.	eoøl	13.	ăr'rōws	21 .	in vīt¢′	30.	to gĕth'er
5.	woøds	14.	sĕt'tl <u>ers</u>	22 .	ăr rīv¢d′	31.	ē'v¢n ings
6.	hĕlp ¢ d	15.	wĕl'come	23 .	låst'ed	32 .	hŏl'ĭ day
7.	rājs¢d	16.	plant'ed	24 .	nā'tìøn	33.	Prĕş'ĭ dent
8.	g ē¢s¢	17.	sŭm'mer	25 .	gr <u>ate</u> 'ful	34.	ōov' <u>ĕr</u> n or
9.	ch <u>ũr</u> ch	18.	eòl'õr¢d	26.	vĭş'ĭt õr	35.	Hĕạv'ện ly

In a few months there were little homes made of logs. Soon there was a church, too. It was a Puritan

church, and the boys and girls were little Puritans. Sometimes they were called Pilgrims, because they had traveled about to find a land where they could be free and happy.

One day a visitor came to see the Pilgrims. He was an Indian. He had long, black hair. His dress



Soon he came back, and brought some friends with him. Peregrine was frightened, and cried when he first saw them. But he soon grew to know the Indians, and laughed and crowed when they ran races or played tag with the children.

INDIAN WAR CLUB.

When spring came, the Indians showed the Puritans where to find fish and how to catch eels. They planted corn for them, putting a fish in each hole to make the corn grow.

All summer long the children were very happy.

There were beautiful wild flowers, and gay colored butterflies, and bright colored song birds in the cool woods where they played.

But they did not play all the time. The boys helped to take care of the corn. The girls helped their mothers with the housework.



PILGRIMS GOING TO CHURCH.

BOUGHTON.

When the summer was ended and all the corn and wheat and potatoes were gathered in, the Puritans said, "Let us have a Thanksgiving Day, and all together thank God. For it is He who made the sun shine, and the rain fall, and the corn grow."

Then said the Puritan mothers, "Let us have a Thanksgiving party, and invite the Indians. We will cook something of everything raised on the farm, to show what we are thanking God for." The men shot deer and wild geese and turkeys for the dinner.

At last Thanksgiving Day came. In the morning, everybody went to church. The boys and girls sat very still, and listened to all the minister said. Then they sang a song of thanks to God just as we do now.

When the children got home from church, they found that the Indians had arrived. They had brought five large deer to help with the dinner.

I think they must have had a fine time, for the party lasted three days. At each meal, before they ate anything, the Puritans and Indians thanked God. In the evenings, the Indians sang and danced. In the daytimes, they ran races and played games with the children.

At last the party was over. When the Indians were going home, the Puritans said, "Every year we will have a time to thank God for all He has done for us. You must come and help us thank Him."

Each year the Puritans had their Thanksgiving

Day. When other people came to this country, they, too, said they would have a day of thanksgiving. So for nearly three hundred years has come the holiday the children love.

Each year the President writes a letter to the people of the United States, telling them on what day the nation will give thanks for all the good that has come to it.

Then the governor of each State writes to the people, telling them that on Thanksgiving Day he would like them to close their stores and to open their churches. "Go to church," the letter says, "and thank the Heavenly Father for all His kindness to you. Remember that many people are poorer than you, and give what you can spare to them. For we want everybody to be happy and grateful on our thankful day."

- From "Through the Year," by Anna M. Clyde and Lillian Wallace.



LESSON XVI.

The Earthworm.

PART I.

BLEND.

1.	$w\underline{\tilde{o}r}$ ld	11.	a frā/d ′	21.	rē a ′søn
2.	$\mathbf{sm}\mathbf{\bar{i}}\mathbf{l}\mathbf{\not e}\mathbf{d}$	12.	al'mōst	22 .	l <u>ou</u> d'ly
3.	€øŭş'∄n	13.	$\underline{\mathbf{dr}}$ ŏpp ϕ \mathbf{d}	23 .	ūs¢′ful
4.	<u>cr</u> ē¢'t <u>ure</u> s	14.	f <u>un</u> 'n y	24 .	$\underline{\tilde{e}ar}th'w\underline{\tilde{o}r}m$
5.	nēj'ther	15.	no'tĭç¢	25.	eū′rĭ øus
6.	wa/k'ing	16.	${f m}ar{f o}'{f m}{f e}{f n}{f t}$	26 .	$d\underline{i}\underline{f}'$ fer enç ϕ
7 .	$\underline{\mathrm{cr}}$ ē ϕ p'ing	17.	p <u>oi</u> nt'ed	27 .	rē mĕm'ber
8.	ŭ <u>n</u> 'cl¢	18.	round'ed	2 8.	bŭr'rō y ing
9.	<u>cru</u> 'ĕl	19.	s <u>im'pl</u> ў	2 9.	an'i mals
10.	Ĕf'fĭ¢	20 .	p <u>ũr</u> ′pỏs¢	30.	a <u>cr</u> ŏss'

"It is only a worm," said Cousin Tom, as we were walking round the garden and saw an earthworm creeping across the path. He was about to put his foot upon it, when uncle said, "Stop! Tom, do not be so cruel. Though it be but a worm, it is one of the most

useful things we have in the garden, and one of the most curious creatures in the world."

Turning to me, uncle said, "Take it up in your hand, Effie, and let us look at it." But I was half afraid to touch it. So uncle picked it up; and, telling me that it would not hurt me, he asked me to hold it in my hand.

Oh! how cold, and damp, and soft its long, round body felt! I almost dropped it at once.

After looking at the earthworm for a short time, I

said, "Well, uncle, it is a funny creature. Which is its head, and which is its tail?"

"If you will notice for a moment," said uncle, "you will see that one end



AN EARTHWORM.

of the worm is somewhat pointed, while the other is more rounded. The pointed end is the head."

"But the pointed end of a snail is its tail," cried Tom. "Why should there be this difference, uncle, between an earthworm and a snail?"

"Simply because the worm burrows into the earth,

and a snail does not. A pointed head is much better for this purpose than a round one would be. You remember that rats, moles, and other burrowing animals, have pointed heads."

"We cannot see its eyes or its ears, uncle," said I. Uncle smiled, and replied, "For the very good reason that it has no eyes or ears, Effie, nor even a nose."

Tom laughed loudly at this. But the worm began to creep again, and I almost threw it down.

"I see now," said Tom, "why birds so easily catch the earthworms. They can neither hear nor see the birds."

"It must have a mouth," said I, "or it could not take any food." "Oh yes," said uncle, "it has a little round mouth, but no teeth."



LESSON XVII.

The Earthworm.

PART II.

BLEND.

1.	chảng¢	11.	hăp'p¢ns	21.	sĕl'dòm
2.	smoøth	12 .	hĕ¢ġ¢'hŏġ	22 .	slōw'ly
3.	<u>joi</u> n∲d	13.	ĕs eāp∲′	23 .	let'ters
4.	eaviş¢d	14.	fĭ <u>n</u> ' <u>gers</u>	24 .	Rŏb' <u>ĕr</u> t
5.	s <u>ẽr</u> v¢	15.	l <u>ight</u> 'ly	25 .	in dē¢d′
6.	ẽar'ly	16.	røŭg <u>h</u> 'ness	26 .	t <u>im</u> 'ĭd ly
7.	a $m\bar{u}$ ş ϕ d'	17.	lo∕s'¢ns	27 .	gär'den er
· 8.	<u>pr</u> ŏv' <u>ēr</u> b	18.	m <u>oi</u> sť⁄¢ns	2 8.	sĕv'ĕr al
9.	eatch'ing	19.	m <u>or</u> n'ing	29 .	ĕn'ē mĭ¢s
10.	ē nøŭg <u>h</u> ′	20 .	<u>ch</u> ĭl' <u>dr</u> ĕn	30 .	rē'al ly

Tom and I were in the garden very early next morning, and uncle soon joined us. The gardener was busy at work, and we were amused to see several little birds standing near watching him. They were looking for the worms which his spade might turn up.

"Good morning, children," said uncle. "The proverb

says the early bird catches the worm, so these little birds have come early in the hope of catching him. They know well enough that worms are seldom seen above ground during the day. For they come out only in the early morning, or after the birds have gone to roost, unless the gardener happens to dig them out."

"Has the earthworm any enemies besides the birds, uncle?" asked Tom. "Oh dear, yes! my boy," replied he. "The hedgehog eats it, so do the mole and the frog."

"Poor thing," said Tom. "It has no chance of escape from them, because it creeps along so slowly."

"Uncle," said I, "I am wondering how it gets along at all, since it has neither legs nor feet. The more we look at it, the more curious it seems."

"Just take one up in your hand again, Effie," said uncle, "and draw your fingers lightly along its body."

I did as uncle wished. I drew my fingers along its body very timidly; and, in doing so, found that it felt a little rough, though it looked so smooth. Then uncle told us that the roughness was caused by very tiny hairs or spines, which serve the earthworm as feet, and thus help it to move along.

Just at this time uncle left us while he went to get

the letters, asking Robert, the gardener, to tell us what more he could about the earthworm.

"Do you really think it is of any use?" said Tom.
"Indeed I do," said he, "for it loosens the earth, and makes the soil light and fine. Then the rain gets through it easily to moisten it and make the plants grow."

- SELECTED.

LESSON XVIII.

A Very Strange Plant.

1.	s <u>tr</u> ānġ¢	11.	bŭb'bl¢s	21.	be l∤̇̃ēv¢′
2.	s <u>tr</u> ŭ <u>n</u> ¢	12 .	sim'plest	22 .	n <u>on</u> ′sĕns¢
3.	yēast	13.	tī'n <u></u> ŏ	2 3.	pā'pers ·
4.	dōngh	14.	m <u>an</u> 'ner	24.	pățch'work
5.	måss	15.	a pärt'	25.	morn'ing
6.	<u>qu</u> ĭlt	16.	mam mä'	26.	ī dē'ās
7.	v <u>oi</u> ç¢	17.	òv′¢n	27.	Măr'ĭ on
8.	ŭ <u>n</u> ′cl¢	18.	<u>pl</u> ĕn't ÿ	28.	ē¢a′ēger ly
9.	stŭd'ğ	19.	trøŭ'bl¢	29 .	eū'rĭ øus
10.	$m\bar{o}'ment$	20.	Dĕb'bğ	30.	$m\bar{\imath}'\underline{cr}\bar{o}\;s\varepsilon\bar{o}p\phi$

- "I wish I could find Uncle Will," said Marion, one hot July morning.
- "Here I am in the study," called a voice over the stairs. "Come up, child; I have something to show you."

Marion ran eagerly up the stairs. Uncle Will was sitting at the table, his microscope before him.

- "Oh! has the new microscope come?" cried Marion; "and may I look through it?"
- "I have something on the slide for you this moment."
 - "Oh, oh! how queer! What is it, Uncle Will?"
 - "What does it look like, Marion?"
- "A lot of little bubbles strung together. What are they? Of course, they are not plants!"



YEAST PLANT UNDER A MICROSCOPE.

- "They are plants. They are yeast plants."
 - "Why, is yeast a plant?"
- "Yes, dear; one of the simplest of all plants. And it

grows in such a curious manner. When one bubble is full grown, it sends out another bubble, and so on."

- "That is what makes them all strung together, isn't it?"
- "Of course. Now, can you tell me what yeast is good for?"
 - "We put it in bread to make it rise."
- "As the tiny plants grow, they push the dough apart. A kind of gas rises in little bubbles all through the mass, and that is what makes the bread light. Where does mamma put her bread before it goes into the oven?"
 - "Why, in a warm place."
- "The yeast plants cannot grow without plenty of heat and water."

Marion came to her uncle later in great trouble.

- "I told Debby about yeast, and she doesn't believe it. She says, 'The idea of its being a plant!'"
- "Never mind," laughed Uncle Will; "don't be troubled."
- "And Harry's mother says it's all nonsense; you buy yeast at the store in little silver papers,—it is made."
- "You are both right, dear; but do not lose one wink of sleep over it."

"And she says" — Marion's voice grew very low — "that if I were her little girl, I shouldn't be running wild, and getting my head full of ideas. I should have to make a patchwork quilt. Oh dear, Uncle Will! I'm so glad I'm not her girl."

- From "The Plant Baby and its Friends," by KATE LOUISE BROWN.

LESSON XIX.

What Happened to Marion's Shoes.

1.	sp <u>oi</u> l¢d	11.	e <u>un</u> 'ning	21.	pŏl'lĕn
2.	åsk¢d	12.	<u>cl</u> ŏş'ĕt	22 .	eăr'rÿ
3.	b <u>ũr</u> rs	13.	kĭ#ch'ĕn	23 .	jĕl'l <u>ÿ</u>
4.	<u>qu</u> ē∳r	14.	so'ber	24 .	s <u>un</u> 'shīn¢
5.	săes	15.	m <u>at</u> 'ter	25.	rē mĕm'ber
6.	spěck	16.	eòv'er¢d	26 .	mī' <u>cr</u> ō seōp¢
7.	b <u>ũr</u> st	17.	mòn'¢ÿ	27.	rē'al ly
8.	thōyigh	18.	lov¢'ly	2 8.	won'der ful
9.	hăp'p¢n¢d	19.	lāt'er	2 9.	$\underline{\text{dif}}' \text{fer ent}$
10.	out grew'	20.	an' <u>th</u> ers	30.	in'ter est ing

After Marion had come in from play one day, her mamma said, "You remember the shoes you outgrew this spring. I think they will just fit Polly Smith."

- "I should like to give them to her; she is a cunning little girl," said Marion brightly.
- "They are in the little closet under the kitchen stairs. You may get them for me."

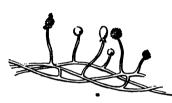
Marion came back with a very sober face.

- "Something is the matter with them. I think they are all spoiled."
- "Why, they are covered with mold!" said her mamma. "That closet must be very damp. It must be looked after at once. No, the shoes must not be given away."
- "But I want Polly to have some shoes," and tears stood in Marion's dark blue eyes.
- "Don't feel bad, Marion. Would you like to take some of your rag money, and buy her a pair?"
- "I will, mamma. I don't care so much about a new doll."
 - "May I have those shoes?" asked Uncle Will.
- "Oh! you are going to show me something lovely, I know you are!" and Marion was all smiles again.

"When I call for you, come up," said Uncle Will, going off with the shoes in his hand.

Later Marion was again looking through the microscope.

"How pretty! They look like little burrs. Oh! is this really mold from my old shoes?"



MOLD AS SEEN THROUGH A MICROSCOPE.

"Yes, indeed, Marion. Don't you think it even prettier than the yeast plants?"

"Ever so much prettier! The yeast plants I didn't call pretty, but queer; and nice to look at

because they were so queer. You know what I mean."

"Yes, Marion, you mean curious, — wonderful, — interesting. Mold does not grow as the yeast does, but in a very different way. All the mold plants have little sacs on them. Some of these sacs look like anthers."

"Do they have pollen in them?"

"Not just that; but they do carry a dust. Every speck of this dust is like a seed. When the sacs burst open, these specks fall out in the air. They can grow wherever it is damp."

- "We found another kind of mold on some old bread one day," said Marion.
- "Yes; and your mamma sometimes finds it on her jelly."
 - "Mold isn't nice to have in the house, is it?"
- "No, though it is very interesting under the microscope. Sunshine is what we need to drive the damp, and thus the mold, away."

- From "The Plant Baby and its Friends," by KATE LOUISE BROWN.

LESSON XX.

1.	$\mathbf{sm\bar{i}l}\not \in \mathbf{d}$	9.	sŏft'ly	17.	bĕ ğ ′ <u>gãr</u>	25.	dĭ vīn¢′
2.	stājd	10.	an'swer	18.	a <u>cr</u> ŏss'	26.	hū'man
3.	lòv¢d	11.	màn mä'	19.	eŏt′ta ġ ¢	27 .	pà <u>th</u> 'way
4.	moør	12.	dē a r'ly	20.	s <u>un</u> 'n y	28.	se <u>at</u> 'ter
5.	warm	13.	<u>ch</u> ĭl' <u>dr</u> ĕn	21.	spär'kling	29.	b¢≉ū'tĭ ful
6.	h¢ärts	14.	shīn'ĕ <u>th</u>	22.	gr¢āt'ly-	30.	n <u>ũr</u> s'er ў
7.	rōam	15.	shīn'ing	23.	dē ṣīr¢'	31.	ăl lŏt'ted
8.	ān'ġĕl	16.	hăp'p ÿ	24.	<u>you</u> r sĕlf′	32.	wan'der ers

1. The Little Angel.

Right into our house one day

A dear little angel came;
I ran to him, and softly said,

"Little angel, what is your name?"

He said not a word in answer,

But smiled a beautiful smile;

Then I said, "May I go home with you?

Shall you go in a little while?"

But Mamma said, "Dear little angel, Don't leave us; oh, always stay! We will all of us love you dearly; Sweet angel, oh, don't go away!"

So he staid and he staid, and we love him As we could not have loved another.

Do you want to know what his name is?

His name is — My LITTLE BROTHER!

- ELIZABETH PRENTISS.

PICTURE FOR A STORY.



SHOEING THE HORSE.

LANDSBER.



2. The Moon.

"O Moon," said the children, "O Moon, that shineth fair,

Why do you stay so far away, so high above us there?

O Moon, you must be very cold from shining on the sea;

If you would come and play with us, how happy we should be!"

- "O children," said the Moon, "I shine above your head,
- That I may light the ships at night, when the sun has gone to bed;
- That I may show the beggar boy his way across the moor,
- And bring the busy farmer home to his own cottage door."

- "O Moon," said the children, "may we shine in your place?
- They say that I have sunny hair, and I a sparkling face.

 To light the ships and beggar boys we greatly do desire;

 And you might come and warm yourself before the nursery fire!"
- "O children," said the Moon, "we have each allotted parts:
- 'Tis yours to shine by love divine on happy human hearts;
- 'Tis mine to make the pathway bright of wanderers that roam;
- "Tis yours to scatter endless light to those that stay at home."

 —Selected.

LESSON XXI.

The Flower Bed's Secret.

		DEEL D.		
1.	<u>pl</u> ēaséd	5. gr <u>ou</u> nd	9.	hăp'pğ
2.	thōvigh	6. fr <u>ow</u> n	10.	gĕn'tl¢
3.	<u>ch</u> ānġ¢	7. löv¢d	11.	eăr'rĭ¢d .
4.	s <u>tr</u> ānġ¢	8. yøŭ <u>n</u> g	12.	an'swered

13. gär'd¢n	19. wish'ing	25. tā'bl¢
14. Är'th <u>ũr</u>	20. tī'n <u></u>	26. b¢áū'tĭ ful
15. Hĕn'rÿ	21. sē' <u>cr</u> ĕt	27. hăp'pĭ est
16. eøun' <u>tr</u> ÿ	22. eòv'er¢d	28. ĕv'er ÿ
17. s <u>it</u> 'ting	23. ŭg'ly	29. fä'ther
18. let'ters	24. whêr ĕv'er	30. fl <u>ow</u> 'er bĕd

Once upon a time, there lived a little prince named Henry. His father, the king, loved him very much, and tried in every way to make him happy. He gave him beautiful rooms to live in, and pictures, and toys, and a great many pretty books.

He gave him also a gentle pony, that he might ride when he pleased; and he had a boat made for him, that he might sail on the little lake in the king's great gardens.

Yet, for all this, the young prince was not happy. Wherever he went, he carried an ugly frown upon his face; and he was all the time wishing for something that he did not have.

One day a wise man, named Sir Arthur, was sitting at the king's table, when Prince Henry came into the room. He saw the frown on the boy's face, and he said to the king, "I can make your son happy, and change all those frowns into smiles, if you will send him into the country to live with me for the summer."

"Very well," said the king. "Take him with you, and if you do as you say you can, I will give you anything you ask."

That very day the prince went home with Sir Arthur.

- "I have a flower bed in my garden that can talk," said the wise man to the prince.
- "That is very strange," answered Henry. "What does it say?"
- "It has a secret," said Sir Arthur, "which it tells only to those who watch it every day. All who know the secret, and make the right use of it, may be happy every day of their lives."
- "I should like to see such a flower bed," said Prince Henry.

"It is right before you," said Sir Arthur.

The prince looked, and saw a flower bed which had just been made; but there was not a flower, nor even a leaf, upon it.

"Come and see it every day, and by and by it will tell you its secret." Prince Henry did as his wise friend told him; but though he watched the flower bed for many days, he did not hear it speak.

At last, one fine sunny morning, he found it covered with tiny plants, just coming up out of the ground. He looked, and saw that these plants grew in lines which made letters, and these letters made words. These were the words: "My Secret: Do a kindness to some one every day."

I am told that the prince began to make use of the secret at once, and that he became the happiest boy in all that country.

—Selected.

LESSON XXII.

Little Red Riding-hood.

PART I.

1. wolf	5. <u>th</u> rough	9. mås'ter
2. fēar¢d	6. dām∉	10. <u>pl</u> ĕaṣ'ant
3. <u>th</u> ôựght	7. bāk¢d	11. vĭl′laġ¢
4. åsk¢d	8. löv¢d	12. seär'let

13. vĕl'vĕt	19. bas'kĕt	25. be com'ing
14. ē nov <u>igh</u> '	20. a frā <i>i</i> d'	26. Rīd'ing-họ¢d
15. \underline{ch} ĭl' \underline{dr} ĕn	21. nēar'est	27. s <u>tra</u> √'bĕr rĭ¢s
16. där'ling	22.	28. gr <u>and</u> 'moth er
17. ūs¢′ful	23. nōṣ¢'ḡāţ	29. woød'-eŭt ters
18. dēár'ly	24. fl <u>ow</u> 'ers	30. s <u>im</u> 'pl¢-h¢ärt ed

In a pleasant village, far away, there once lived a little girl, who was one of the sweetest children ever seen.

Her mother loved her dearly; and as for her grandmother, she said the little one was the light of her eyes and the joy of her heart. This good old dame had a little hood of scarlet velvet made for her darling; and it was so becoming to the little girl that for miles around she was known as "Little Red Riding-hood."

One day her mother baked some cakes and made fresh butter. "Go," she said to Little Red Riding-hood, "and take this cake and a pot of butter to your grandmother; for I hear she is ill in bed."

Little Red Riding-hood was a willing child, and liked to be useful; and besides, she loved her grand-mother dearly. So she put the things into a basket,

and set out at once for the village where her grandmother lived, on the other side of the wood.

Just as she came to the edge of the wood, Red Riding-hood met a wolf, which said to her, "Good morning, Little Red Riding-hood." He would have liked to



"GOOD MORNING, LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD."

eat her on the spot, but some wood-cutters were at work hard by, and he feared they might kill him in turn.

- "Good morning, Master Wolf," replied the little girl, who had no thought of being afraid.
- "And where may you be going?" said the wolf.
- "I am going to my grandmother's," replied Little Red Riding-hood, "to take her a

cake and a pot of butter, for she is ill."

- "And where does poor grandmother live?" asked the wolf.
- "Down past the mill on the other side of the wood," said the simple-hearted child.

"Well, I don't mind if I go and see her too," said the wolf; "so I'll take this road, and do you take that, and we'll see which will be there first."

He knew well enough that he had the nearest way, for he could dash through the bushes, and swim a pond, and so by a very short cut bring himself to the old dame's door. He thought, too, that the little girl would stop to gather strawberries in the wood, and make a nosegay of sweet flowers for her old grandmother.

LESSON XXIII.

Little Red Riding-hood.

PART II.

1. lățch	7. <u>th</u> ôµght	13. pĕck¢d
2. bŭzz¢d	8. <u>tr</u> ick	14. <u>br</u> ôµgµt
3. t <u>we</u> ¢t	9. <u>th</u> røugh	15. knŏck¢d
4. <u>th</u> ŭmp	$10. \mathrm{st}\check{\mathrm{opp}} \phi\mathrm{d}$	16. eŏt'taġ¢
5. pụll¢d	11. p <u>ick</u> ¢d	17. rē spěcts'
6. s <u>pr</u> ă <u>n</u> g	12. wasp	18. nēj'ther

19.	bŏb'b <u>in</u>	23. tŏm't <u>it</u>	27. light'ed
2 0.	wom'an	24. <u>pl</u> ĕn't ÿ	28. h <u>un</u> ts'man
21.	tāst'ed	25. <u>cr</u> ĕss'ĕs	29. $n\underline{ight'}\underline{\overline{g}ow}n$
22.	l <u>is</u> '¢n	26. pat'ted	30. gr <u>and'ch</u> īld

The wolf, which cared neither for strawberries nor wild flowers, was very soon at the cottage.



"THE WOLF PULLED THE BOBBIN."

He knocked at the door with his paw, thump! thump!

- "Who is there?" cried grandmother.
- "It is I, your grandchild, Little Red Ridinghood, come to see how you are, and to bring you a cake and a pot of butter," said the wolf,

as well as he could. He tried to make his voice sound like that of the little girl.

"Pull the bobbin, and the latch will fly up," called the grandmother from her bed.

The wolf pulled the bobbin, and in he went. With-

out a word, he sprang upon the old woman, and ate her up in no time, for he had not tasted food for three days.

Then he shut the door, put on the grandmother's cap and nightgown, and got into bed. He laughed to himself, as he thought of the trick he was to play upon Little Red Riding-hood, who must soon be coming.

All this time, Little Red Riding-hood was on her way through the wood. She stopped to listen to the birds, that sang so sweetly over her head; she picked the sweet strawberries that her grandmother liked, and she made a bright nosegay of the flowers that grew along her way.

A wasp buzzed about her head and lighted on her flowers. "Eat as much as you like," she said; "only do not sting me." He buzzed louder, but soon flew away.

And a little bird, a tomtit, came and pecked at the strawberries in her basket. "Take all you want, pretty tomtit," said Little Red Riding-hood; "there will still be plenty left for grandmother and me." "Tweet, tweet," sang the bird, and was soon out of sight.

And now she came upon an old dame who was look-

ing for cresses. "Let me fill your basket," she said, and she gave her the bread she had brought to eat by the way.

The dame soon rose, and, patting the little maid upon the head, said, "Thank you, Little Red Ridinghood; and now, if you should meet the green huntsman as you go, pray give him my respects, and tell him there is game in the wind."

LESSON XXIV.

Little Red Riding-hood.

PART III.

1. though	8. s <u>tr</u> ŭ <u>n</u> g	15. <u>gr</u> ē¢n	22. tā'bl¢
2. hōárs¢	9. bō₩	16. <u>th</u> ônght	23. bĭd'd¢n
3. h <u>ĕar</u> d	10. v <u>oi</u> ç¢	17. gr¢āt	24. bĕt'ter
4. påss¢d	11. ϵ all ϕ d	18. s <u>pr</u> ing	25. a b <u>out</u> '
5. poøl	12. $t\bar{e} \notin th$	19. nŏd'ded	26. ŏf¢'¢n
6. <u>cl</u> ăd	13. stŭ <u>n</u> g	20. ăr′rō₩	27. wom'an
7. gr <u>ou</u> nd	14. k <u>ill</u> ¢d	21. p <u>ě</u> r′søn	28. rē spěets'
29.	b <u>ed'cl</u> ōth∉s	30. gr <u>and</u> '	möth er

Little Red Riding-hood looked all about for the green huntsman. She had never seen or heard of such a person before.

At last she passed by a pool of water so green that you would have taken it for grass. Though she had often gone that way, she had never seen it before. There she met a huntsman clad all in green. He stood looking at some birds that flew above his head.

"Good morning, Mr. Huntsman," said Little Red Riding-hood; "the water-cress woman sends her respects to you, and says there is game in the wind."

The huntsman nodded. He bent his ear to the ground to listen; then he took an arrow and strung his bow. "What can it mean?" thought the little girl.

She soon came to her grandmother's cottage, and gave a little tap at the door.

"Who is there?" cried the wolf. The hoarse voice made Little Red Riding-hood start; but she said to herself, "Poor grandmother must have a bad cold."

"It is I, your Little Red Riding-hood," she said.
"I have come to see how you are, and to bring you a
pot of butter and a cake from mother."

"Pull the bobbin, and the latch will fly up," called

the wolf. Little Red Riding-hood did so, and went into the cottage.

"Put the cake and the butter on the table," said the wolf; "then come and help me to rise." He had hid his head under the bedclothes.



She took off her things, and went to the bed to do as she had been bidden. "Why, grandmother," she said, "what long arms you have!"

"The better to hug you, my dear," said the wolf.

- "And, grandmother, what long ears you have!"
- "The better to hear you, my dear."
- "But, grandmother, what great eyes you have!".
- "The better to see you, my dear."
- "But, grandmother, what big teeth you have!"
- "The better to eat you with, my dear," said the wolf; and he was just going to spring upon poor Little Red Riding-hood, when a wasp flew into the room and stung him upon the nose.

The wolf gave a cry, and a little bird outside, a pretty tomtit, said, "Tweet, tweet!" This told the green huntsman it was time to let fly his arrow, and the wolf was killed on the spot.

—OLD STORY.

LESSON XXV.

∞≫≪∞

1.	sôught	6.	sţ <u>īr</u> r¢d	11.	$\underline{\mathbf{dr}}_{\mathbf{\bar{e}}}$ am $\mathbf{\not e}\mathbf{d}$
2.	b <u>ou</u> gh	7.	dånç¢d	12.	\mathbf{pr} ĕss $\mathbf{ extit{e}}\mathbf{d}$
3.	sīģķ	8.	wouldst	13.	shĕl'ter¢d
4.	twĭgs	9.	wh <u>îr</u> l¢d	14.	<u>pr</u> ō tĕet'
5.	<u>br</u> ån <u>ch</u>	10.	<u>dr</u> ŏpp¢d	15.	<u>cr</u> u'ĕl

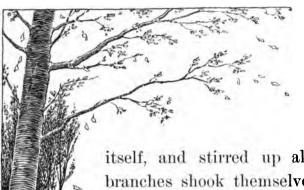
16. r <u>us</u> '#l#d	23. yĕl'l	ō w 30.	mĕr'rĭ ly
17. a frājd'	24. seär'	let 31.	Ŏe tō'ber
18. nö <u>th</u> 'ing	25. h <u>un</u> '	dr <u>ed</u> s 32.	$\underline{\tt \tilde{e}ar}th'\text{-}b\underline{ou}nd$
19. au'tŭmu	26. woød	l'man 33.	t <u>ow</u> 'er ing
20. <u>gl</u> ō'r <u>ў</u>	$27.{ m ar{g}reve{u}sh}$	'ing 34.	få mĭl'ĭar
21. rē n <u>ow</u> n	28. h¢är	t's <u>tr</u> ings 35.	b¢¢ū'tĭ ful
22. ġĕn'tlğ	29. fōr¢′	fä ther 36.	lĕ≉d′-eòl õr
37.	work'- <u>cl</u> ōth∉s	38. hŏl'i	day

1. The Death of the Leaf.

Once upon a time, long, long ago, a little maple leaf was heard to sigh, as leaves often do, when a gentle wind is moving. One of the twigs said, "What is the matter, little leaf?"

"The cruel wind," replied the leaf, "has just told me that some day it will pull me off and throw me to the ground to die."

The twig told it to the branch on which it grew, and the branch told it to the tree; and the tree, hearing it, rustled all over and sent back word to the leaf, "Do not be afraid; hold on tightly, and you shall not go till you want to."



So the leaf stopped sighing, and went on rustling and singing. Every time the tree shook

itself, and stirred up all its leaves, the branches shook themselves, and the twig shook itself, and the little leaf danced up and down merrily, as if nothing could ever pull it off.

It grew all summer long, and even till October. When the bright days of autumn came, the little leaf saw all the leaves around becoming very beautiful. Some were yellow, and some scarlet, and some had both colors. Then it asked the tree what the coloring meant.

The tree answered, "All these leaves are getting ready to fly away; and they

have put on those beautiful colors because of joy." The little leaf began to want to fly away, and grew very beautiful in thinking of going. When it was very

gay in hue, it saw that the branches of the tree had no color in them. Then the leaf said, "Oh, branches! why are you lead-color, while we leaves are golden?"

The branches replied, "We must keep on our workclothes, for our life is not done; but your clothes are for the holiday, because your tasks are over."

Just then a little puff of wind came, and the leaf let go without thinking of what it was doing. A breeze caught it up, turned it over and over, and whirled it like a spark of fire in the air. Then the leaf dropped gently down beside the fence, among hundreds of other leaves, and fell into a dream, and never waked up to tell what it had dreamed about.

—H. W. Beecher.

2. Woodman, Spare that Tree.

Woodman, spare that tree!

Touch not a single bough!

In youth it sheltered me,

And I'll protect it now.

'Twas my forefather's hand

That placed it near his cot;

There, woodman, let it stand, Thy ax shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And wouldst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh, spare that aged oak
Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy
Here, too, my sisters played.
My mother kissed me here;
My father pressed my hand;
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand.

My heartstrings round thee cling, Close as thy bark, old friend! Here shall the wild bird sing, And still thy branches bend. Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy ax shall harm it not.

- George P. Morris.

LESSON XXVI.

1.	l <u>ỹn</u> x	12.	<u>pr</u> ŏm'is¢	23.	eăr'rĭ¢d
2.	<u>br</u> ŭsh¢d	13.	ŏt'ter	24 .	shīn'ing
3.	s <u>tr</u> ājģķt	14.	tō'w <u>ār</u> ds	25 .	hand'some
4.	$\underline{\mathbf{cl}}$ \mathbf{m} \not \mathbf{e} \mathbf{d}	15.	$p\underline{e}\phi'pl\phi$	26.	<u>ēor</u> ′ġ¢øus
5.	warm <u>th</u>	16.	eòl' <u>ðr</u>	27.	Au'tŭmpi
6.	sē į z¢d	17.	gold'	2 8.	fŏl'lō y ¢d
7.	<u>ch</u> ān'ġĕs	18.	ō'p¢n¢d	2 9.	$s\underline{t}\underline{r}$ ŭ $ar{g}'gl$ ¢ d
8.	sē a ′søns	19.	rĕạd'ğ	30.	an'ĭ mals
9.	beå'ver	20.	pärt'ed	31.	to gĕth'er
10.	eøun′ <u>tr</u> ÿ	21.	ăr'rōws	32.	b¢≉ū'tĭ ful
11.	sŭm'mer	22 .	ă <u>n</u> 'grў	33.	ĕs eāp'ing
		34.	<u>pr</u> ĭş'øn er		

How the Summer Came.

Once there were no changes of seasons. It was always winter in the land of the Red children. The Red children had no food except the flesh of animals.

One day the Beaver called all the animals together. "We are never safe from these Red men," he said. "Let us make war upon them."

- "But what can we have for food if we do not eat you?" the Red men said.
- "Can you eat nothing but meat?" the animals asked.
- "We could eat corn and fruits, if we had them. But they will not grow in this cold country. Bring down summer to us from the sky, and we will promise not to eat you."
 - "We will try," said all the animals.

Then the Otter made a great leap toward the sky. He jumped a whole mile; but down he came head first and struck on a great rock.

Then the Lynx tried. He jumped so high that he brushed the sky with the tips of his ears. Then the

Wolf tried. He struck the sky so hard that he made a hole straight through the blue.

"Now," said a brave chief, "I will climb the wall of the skies. I will climb in through the hole the wolf has made."



THE WOLF MAKES HIS LEAP TOWARD THE SKY.

Three whole days the chief climbed. He loved his people and wanted to do them good. Then he crept in through the hole in the sky. He saw a beautiful land. There was soft green grass. There were groves of beau-

tiful trees. There were sweet flowers of every color; and the air was soft and warm.

"I will carry the warmth down to my people," the chief said, "though it cost me my life."

Then the chief saw three handsome golden cages. In the cages were birds. The birds had wings of gorgeous color. One bird was Summer; the other two were Spring and Autumn.

The chief crept up to the cages and opened the doors. "Good birds," he said, "go down to the people on the earth. They are very cold and sad without you. They love you and are waiting for you to come."

Then the Autumn bird crept out of his cage. He looked down through the hole. "It is very beautiful down there," he said, "let us go." So he raised his great wings and flew down through the hole. Then the Spring bird followed. The Summer bird, too, made ready to fly.

But the people in the world Above-the-Sky had heard the noise of Autumn's wings. They rushed out from their homes. "The birds! the birds!" they cried; "the birds are flying away!"

Then they all rushed upon the Summer bird.

Already she was half through the opening in the sky. They seized her by her wing. The great bird struggled, and the people held firm. At last the body of the bird parted. One half of the bird flew down to the home of the Red children. The other half the people put back into the cage.

"Now, who has done this?" the people said; "let us find him. We will slay him! We will burn him!"

Then they fell upon the brave chief, who was just escaping through the opening. "See! see! there he is!" the people shouted; and they drove their arrows after him.

On, on he ran down the wall of the sky, but the angry people soon overtook him. They shot their arrows at him again, and this time the arrows pinned him to the sky.

"Make me prisoner, if you will," the brave chief called; "I have carried warmth and sunshine to my people, and you can never take it away from them!"

And so the brave chief stands, still pinned to the sky, even to this day. There is a star in each foot and in each hand. These are the shining arrows of the people Above-the-Sky.

When the Red children look up at the stars they say, "There is our brave chief who brought the summer." When the summer seems too brief, they say, "It is because one half of it is still in the land Above-the-Sky."

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LESSON XXVII.

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1.	s <u>tr</u> ĕ <u>n</u> gth	13.	p <u>it</u> 'ĭ ¢ d	25 .	rā∤n′bō w
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5.	sī ģķ ¢d	17.	b <u>ũr</u> n'ing	29.	s <u>no</u> w'dr <u>if</u> t
6.	tŭm'bl¢	18.	be $\overline{g}\underline{a}\underline{n}'$	30.	ġĕn't <u>ly</u>
7 .	lĭl'ĭ¢s	19.	gr <u>and</u> 'pä	31.	flŭt'ter¢d
8.	āeļi'ing	20.	th <u>un</u> 'der	32.	săd'ly
9.	<u>gold</u> ′∳n	21.	gr <u>and</u> 'mä	33.	in dē¢d′
10.	p <u>an</u> 'şĭ¢s	22.	l <u>ight</u> 'ning	34.	mis takes'
11.	eŭd′dl∳d	23.	fl <u>it</u> 'ting	35.	twĕn'tğ
12 .	<u>ch</u> ĕr'rĭ¢s	24.	<u>th</u> rovigh	36.	ăr rā∳′
	37. <u>qu</u> ī'ĕt l	y	38. d <u>is</u> ăp j	p <u>oi</u> nt	t'ed

1. The Little Lazy Cloud.

A pretty little cloud away up in the sky, Said it did not care if the earth was dry: 'Twas having such a nice time sailing all around, It wouldn't, no, it wouldn't, tumble on the ground.

So the pretty little lilies hung their aching heads,
And the golden pansies cuddled in their beds;
The cherries couldn't grow a bit, you would have pitied them,

They'd hardly strength to hold to the little slender stem.

By and by, the little cloud felt a dreadful shock,
Just as does a boat when it hits upon a rock;
Something ran all through it, burning like a flame,
And the little cloud began to cry, as down to earth it
came.

Then old Grandpa Thunder, as he growled away, Said, "I thought I'd make you mind 'fore another day; Little clouds were meant to fall when the earth is dry, And not go sailing round away up in the sky." And old Grandma Lightning, flitting to and fro, Said, "What were you made for, I would like to know, That you spend your precious time sailing all around, When you know you ought to be buried in the ground?"

Then lilies dear and pansies all began to bloom,

And the cherries grew and grew till they took up all
the room.

Then by and by the little cloud, with all its duty done, Was caught up by a rainbow and allowed a little fun.

- Selected.

2. The Disappointed Snowflakes.

Four and twenty snowflakes

Came tumbling from the sky,

And said, "Let's make a snowdrift—

We can if we but try."

So down they gently fluttered
And lighted on the ground,
And when they were all seated
They sadly looked around.

"We're very few indeed," sighed they,
"And we sometimes make mistakes;
We cannot make a snowdrift
With four and twenty flakes."

Just then the sun peeped round a cloud

And smiled at the array,

And the disappointed snowflakes

Melted quietly away.

—Selected.



LESSON XXVIII.

A Child's Dream of a Star.

PART I.

1.	$s\underline{tr}$ ōll ϕ d	5.	$\operatorname{sp\bar{i}r} olimits{\phi}$	9.	$\underline{\varepsilon on'} stant$
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17. lĭ <u>n</u> ′ g er¢d	24.	a mo <u>n</u> g'	31.	hōp¢'ful ly
18. ĕn' <u>tr</u> anç¢	25.	s <u>up</u> pōş'ing	32.	to <u>g</u> ĕth'er
19. thĭth'er	26.	ō'p¢n ing	33.	eŏm p <u>an</u> 'ion
34.	sŏl'ĭ tā rǧ	35.	€òm′pá	i n <u>ý</u>

There was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister, who was a child, too, and his constant companion. These two used to wonder all day long. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the depth of the bright water; they wondered at the goodness and power of God who made the lovely world.

They used to say to one another sometimes, "Supposing all the children upon earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky be sorry?" They believed they would be sorry. "For," said they, "the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little

playful streams that gambol down the hillsides are the children of the water; and the smallest bright specks playing at hide-and-seek in the sky all night, must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more."

There was one clear, shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand in hand at a window. Whoever saw it first, cried out, "I see the star!" And often they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where.

So they grew to be such friends with it, that, before lying down in their beds, they always looked out once again, to bid it good-night; and when they were turning round to sleep, they used to say, "God bless the star!"

But while she was still very young, oh, very, very young, the sister drooped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night. The child looked sadly out by himself, and when he saw the

star, turned round and said to the patient pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" And then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother and the star!"



And so the time came, all too soon! when the child looked out alone, and when there was no face on the bed; and when there was a little grave among the graves, not there before; and when the star made long rays down toward him, as he saw it through his tears.

Now these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about the star; and dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels. And the star, opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.

All these angels who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that, lying in his bed, he wept for joy.

But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host.

His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither:—

"Is my brother come?" And he said, "No."

She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms, and cried, "Oh, sister, I am here! Take me!" and then she turned her beaming eyes upon him. And it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down toward him as he saw it through his tears.

LESSON XXIX.

A Child's Dream of a Star.

PART II.

celestial

1. <u>ĕar</u> th	8. spōk'¢n	15. hĕ¤v'ğ
$2. \ \underline{\mathrm{pr}}$ āj $\mathrm{s}\phi\mathrm{d}$	9. lē⁄ad'er	16. be dewed
3. smoøth	10. be hĕld'	17. mā i d' ϵ n
4. t <u>ũr</u> n¢d	11. s <u>er</u> v'ant	18. dangh'ter
5. fōr <u>th</u>	12. <u>bl</u> ĕss'ing	19. <u>cr</u> ē¢'t <u>ure</u>
6. <u>cr</u> ī¢d	13. där'ling	20. bọs'òm
7. $smīl \not ed$	14. fīr ϕ' sīd ϕ	21. pärt'ing

22. √ rĭ <u>n</u> ′kl¢d	25. gär'ment	28. ō'p¢n¢d
23. fē¢'bl¢	26. a wājt'	29. rē ū nīt'ed
24. $whis'per\phi d$	27. $d\bar{y}'ing$	30. an'swer¢d

From that hour forth, the child looked out upon the star as on the home he was to go to, when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star too, because of his sister's angel gone before.

There was a baby born to be a brother of the child; and while he was so little that he never yet had spoken a word, he stretched his tiny form out on his bed, and died.

Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Not that one, but another."

As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried, "Oh, sister, I am here! Take me!" She turned and smiled upon him.

And the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books when an old servant came to him and said, "Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son!"

Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Thy mother!"

A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was reunited to her two children. And he stretched out his arms, and cried, "Oh, mother, sister, and brother, I am here! Take me!" And they answered him, "Not yet."

And the star was shining.

He grew to be a man, whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again.

Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Nay, but his maiden daughter."

And the man who' had been the child saw his

daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three, and said, "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is round my mother's neck, and at her feet there is the baby of old time. I can bear the parting from her. God be praised!"

And the star was shining.

Thus the child came to be an old man. His once smooth face was wrinkled, his steps were slow and feeble, and his back was bent. One night as he lay upon his bed, his children standing round him, he cried as he had cried so long ago, "I see the star!"

They whispered one another, "He is dying."

And he said: "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move toward the star as a child. And oh, my Father, now I thank Thee that it has so often opened, to receive those dear ones who await me."

And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave.

—CHARLES DICKENS.

LESSON XXX.

The Two Seeds.

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7 .	s <u>pl</u> ĕn'did	2 0.	y/įēld'ed	33.	j <u>oy</u> 'øus ly
8.	wh <u>is</u> 'per¢d	21 .	spär'kl¢d	34.	lōn¢′lĭ ness
9.	sĕe'ond	22 .	s <u>no</u> ¢⁄′ <u>dr</u> ŏp	35.	$r\bar{e} m\breve{e}m'ber\not{e}d$
10.	$s\bar{\imath}'lent$	23,	p <u>ēr</u> 'fĕet	36.	dī'ā mond
11.	pụsh'ing	24 .	nā't <u>ure</u>	37.	hĕạv'ện ly
12 .	<u>bl</u> ŏs'soms	25 .	g rånt'ed	3 8.	lỏv¢′lĭ est
13.	be nēath'	2 6.	wea'rĭ some	39.	ĕv'er ў bŏd ў

ONG, long ago, two seeds lay beside each other in the earth, waiting. It was cold and rather wearisome, and, to pass away the time, the one found means to speak to the other.

- "What are you going to be?" said the one.
- "I don't know," answered the other.
- "For me," replied the first, "I mean to be a rose. There is nothing like a splendid rose. Everybody will love me then."
- "It's all right," whispered the second; and that was all it could say. For somehow when it had said that, it felt as if all the words in the world were used up. So they were silent again for a day or two.
- "Oh, dear!" cried the first, "I have had some water. I never knew till it was inside me. I'm growing! I'm growing! Good-by."
- "Good-by," repeated the other, and lay still and waited more patiently than ever.

The first grew and grew, pushing itself straight up, till at last it felt that it was in the open air; for it could breathe. And what a delicious breath it was! It was rather cold, but so refreshing.

It could see nothing, for it was not quite a flower yet—only a plant. Plants never see till their eyes come—that is, till they open their blossoms; then they are flowers indeed.

So it grew and grew, and kept its head up very steadily. It meant to see the sky the first thing, and leave the earth quite behind, as well as beneath, it. But somehow or other—though why it could not tell—it felt very much inclined to cry.

At length it opened its eye. It was morning, and the sky was over its head. But, alas! it was no rose—only a tiny white flower.

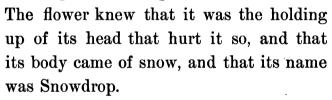
It felt yet more inclined to hang down its head and cry. But it still resisted, and tried hard to open its eye, and to hold its head upright, and to look full at the sky.

"I will be a Star of Bethlehem, at least," said the flower to itself.

But its heart felt very heavy, and a cold wind rushed over it and bowed it down toward the earth. And the flower saw that the time of the singing of birds was not come, that the snow covered the whole land, and that there was not a single flower in sight but itself. It half closed its leaves in terror and the dismay of loneliness. But that instant it remembered what the other seed used to say, and it said to itself, "It's all right; I will be what I can."

And then it yielded to the wind, drooped its head to the earth, and looked no more to the sky, but on the snow.

And straightway the wind stopped, the cold died away, and the snow sparkled like pearls and diamonds.



And so it said once more, "It's all right," and waited in perfect peace; it needed only to hang its head, after its nature.

One day a pale, sad-looking girl, with thin face, large eyes, and long white hands, came along the snow where the flower grew, hanging her head like the snowdrop.

She spied it, smiled joyously, and said, "Ah, my little sister, are you come?"

She stooped and plucked the snowdrop. It trembled and died in her hand, which was a heavenly death for a snowdrop; for had it not cast a gleam of summer, pale as it had been itself, upon the heart of a sick girl?

The other seed had a long time to wait; but it did grow to be one of the loveliest roses ever seen.

- GEORGE MACDONALD.

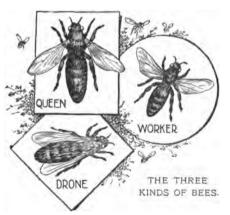
LESSON XXXI.

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The Bee.

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2. <u>dr</u> ōn¢s	12. lā'z $f y$	22. pē ϕ' pl ϕ
3. F <u>in</u> ch	13. or'ch <u>ar</u> d	23. găth'er
4. l <u>ĕar</u> n	14. ĕmp'tğ	24. <u>ĕar</u> 'ly
5. <u>qu</u> ē∳n	15. pŏl'lĕn	25. g är'dens
6. thônght	16. ç <u>er</u> 'tain	$26.\ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ \ $
7. mĭx¢d	17. be cavisé'	27. hòn'¢ỹ eōm♭
8. hòn'¢ў	18. <u>cl</u> ĕv'er	28. ē'v¢n ing
9. Ŏs'e <u>ãr</u>	19. rē <u>pl</u> ī¢d′	29. to gĕth'er
10. an'swer¢d	20. num'ber	30. p <u>ēr</u> hăps'

- "What a nice thing honey is!" said Oscar Finch, as he was eating some which his uncle had sent from the country. "But I do not like the bees which make it, because they sting."
- "Bees are very clever, and they work very hard;" said his father. "When you know more about them you will learn to like them, Oscar."
- "Have you ever looked into a hive, father, and seen the bees at work?" asked Oscar.
- "Yes," replied his father; "and a very busy sight it is. You know that a large number, called a swarm



of bees, live together; and each kind in the hive does its own work."

- "But is there more than one kind of bee in a hive, father?" asked Oscar.
- "Yes," answered his father, "there are three

kinds: drones, workers, and a queen. There is but one queen in a hive. There are, perhaps, twenty thousand workers, and one or two thousand drones."

- "Why do they call them drones, father?" asked Oscar. "I thought drones were lazy people."
- "Drones are lazy bees," said Mr. Finch; "they do no work. The queen does nothing but lay eggs, and the workers do all the work."
- "Do they make the honeycomb as well as gather the honey?" asked Oscar.
- "Yes," said his father; "and they also make beebread, and nurse and feed the baby-bees!"
- "Ha! ha!" laughed Oscar; "how do they find time to do so many things?"
- "They are up very early in the morning, when thousands of them fly off to the gardens, and fields, and orchards, to gather the honey from the flowers. They put it into their little honey-bags, which they empty when they reach home in the evening."
- "But where do they get the wax with which the honeycomb is made, father?" asked Oscar.
- "They get it from the leaves and fruits of some kinds of plants," replied his father. "They hang the honeycomb in rows from the roof of the hive."
- "And pray what is bee-bread made of, father?" asked Oscar.

"It is made of the dust, called pollen, which is found inside of certain flowers, mixed with a little honey and water."

LESSON XXXII. More about Bees.

BLEND.

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5.	hă∦ch∳d	15.	p <u>ĕr</u> 'fĕet	25 .	e <u>âr</u> ¢'ful ly
6.	$\operatorname{star{o}r} olimits{\operatorname{f e}} olimits{ m d}$	16.	trøŭ′bl∉	26 .	ĕn'ē mĭ¢s
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8.	grŭbs	18.	h <u>un</u> ' <u>dr</u> ed	2 8.	e <u>at</u> 'er pĭl l <u>ãr</u> s
9.	c <u>âr</u> ¢d	19.	no′tĭç¢	29 .	six- s i d ' e d
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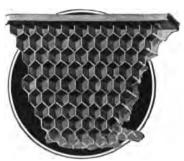
"It would take a long time to tell you all the wonderful things about bees," said Mr. Finch to Oscar next day. "Look at this piece of honeycomb. See how carefully it is made."

"The little cells are all of the same shape, six-sided. Some are made larger than others, and are used to keep the young queen-bees in. In some, honey is stored;

in others, eggs; while some are filled with bee-bread."

"Does the queen lay many eggs, and does she take care of the young bees?" asked Oscar.

"She sometimes lays a hundred eggs an hour. In three or four days little grubs



HONEYCOMB.

are hatched from them; but the queen takes no notice of them. They are cared for by the workers until, in a few days, they change into perfect bees."

"Then the workers do not all go out to gather honey," said Oscar.

"No," replied his father. "Some stay at home to nurse; some to wait upon the queen and guard her. Others have to be soldiers and fight her enemies, such as mice, snails, moths, caterpillars, and robber bees, that come to steal."

"So each bee seems to have its own task," said Oscar.

- "The queen lays so many eggs, that at last the hive becomes too full," said Mr. Finch. "Then the queen flies away to look for another home, and most of the others follow her. This is called the swarming of bees.
- "When bees swarm in this way the owner often has great trouble in getting them into a new hive. But wherever they go, the bees are not happy unless they have a queen with them."
- "Then the bees love their queen, or they would not follow her to a new home," said Oscar.

- SELECTED.



THE BEE-HIVE.

PICTURE FOR A STORY.



TWO MOTHERS AND THEIR FAMILIES.

GARDNER.

LESSON XXXIII.

Chick-a-biddy.

BLEND.

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4. $\underline{\mathbf{br}}$ ŏnz \mathbf{p}	17. s <u>cr</u> ă#ch'ing	30. flŭff'ÿ
5. <u>cl</u> ŭck¢d	18. <u>be</u> ¢′tl¢	31. rŭf'fl¢d
6. <u>dr</u> ē≉m∳d	19. in'sĕet	32. fĕath'ers
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8. eă#ch'ing	21. sĭl'ly	34. se \underline{am} 'per $\not\in$ d
9. gŏb' <u>bl</u> ing	22. pass'ing	35. wing'-eòv ers
10. egg'-shĕll	$23. \mathrm{sp}\bar{\imath}'\mathrm{der}$	36. çĕn'tĭ pēd∳
11. vĕn't <u>ure</u> d	24. sĭlk'ğ	37. Hĕn'nÿ-pĕn nÿ
12. bås'kĕt	$25. \mathrm{d} \mathrm{\ddot{a}} \mathrm{\underline{n}'gling}$	38. Ch <u>ick</u> '-a-bĭd d ÿ
13. k <u>it</u> ′t¢n	26. lăd'der	39. eŏck-à-do ø dl ø-do ø'

Chick-a-biddy was only just born. Almost as soon as he was hatched and had scrambled out of the shell, he began to peck. He was nearly as clever at catching

a fly as his own father, and quite as quick in gobbling up a grub. But he could not say "cock-a-doodle-doo" like his old father.

Henny-penny was his mother. She was very proud of him. He was proud of himself, too. His mother thought that such a clever Chick-a-biddy had never cracked an egg-shell before.

By and by Chick-a-biddy ventured to take a walk, while his mother was busy with her other chicks. He made his way into the barn. There he found a basket in which the cat had hidden a tiny kitten.

"Good morning, Kit," said Chick.

The kitten was too young and too weak to raise its head. But in a little squeaky voice it replied, "Good morning. Who are you?"

- "Can't you see who I am?" asked Chicky, standing up as tall as he could.
 - "Oh, no. I do not see yet; I am too young."
- "Why, are you blind? I wanted you to take a walk with me," said the bird.
- "Kittens do not open their eyes for the first week or nine days. And I am sure I could not walk, my legs are so weak," mewed the little Kitty.

"How funny!" said Chick-a-biddy; "a kitten with twice as many legs as I have, who cannot walk, isn't worth playing with."

Just then the old mother cat came into the barn looking very angry, and Chick-a-biddy thought he had better run away. So Chick-a-biddy went out, and



CHICK-A-BIDDY AND THE BEETLE.

began to be very busy scratching up the ground, when a little bronze beetle crept out from the dust.

- "Beetle, Beetle," called Chick-a-biddy, "if you don't run faster than that with your six legs, I will just come and gobble you up."
- "Will you?" laughed the insect. And then Master Beetle lifted a pair of bronze wing-covers, opened out

his wings, and flew away, leaving Chick-a-biddy staring at the air, and looking very silly.

Passing through the gate Master Chick next caught sight of a little spider, who seemed to be dancing in the air. That seemed very funny, for the spider had no wings. Chicky was just going to peck at the dangling spider, when off it ran up a silky thread, like a sailor up a rope, or a man up a ladder.

- "How do you do that?" shouted Chick-a-biddy after him.
- "Why, with my eight legs," said the spider, safe aloft in its web.
- "Eight legs!" said Chicky. "I have only two legs. My master, the farmer, has only two legs. Who wants eight legs? I won't believe any one wants such a lot of legs!"
- "You wait, then, till you see an old centipede fully grown! You could not count its legs it has so many."
- "Two legs are quite enough for anybody," said Chick-a-biddy.

But just then a strange dog came running after him. Chick ran away as fast as his two little legs would carry him, but he could not go fast enough. Then he tried to use his little fluffy wings to carry him faster, and in the end he had to cry out for his mother to save him. Brave old Henny-penny ruffled her feathers, and clucked so loud that the dog turned and scampered away.

All that night little Chick-a-biddy dreamed of nothing but legs, and to this day he is puzzled as to how many legs one should have.

- From Longmans' "Chatty Readings in Elementary Science," Book II. By permission.

LESSON XXXIV.

spiræa

1. <u>pl</u> ājnt	7. mȳ sĕlf'	13. eŏm'mon
2. røŭgh	8. yĕl'lō y	14. sŭd'dĕn
3. $\underline{\mathbf{dro}} \phi \mathbf{p} \phi \mathbf{d}$	9. mōyirn'ful	15. p <u>ũr</u> ′pỏs¢
4. çēás¢d	10. dāļ's្	16. $p\underline{\tilde{u}}\underline{r}'pl\phi$
5. měánt	11. sīģķ	17. ăs'ters
6. eō'z <u>ĕ</u>	12. whĕth'er	18. bĕck'øn

19.	mŏss′ <u>ў</u>	25.	€ŏb′wĕb	31.	hặp'p ¢n
2 0.	dāj'ṣĭ¢s	26.	wĭl′lō₩	32.	s <u>no</u> w'- <u>wh</u> īt¢
21.	spĕe′kl¢d	27.	n <u>e</u> igh'b <u>or</u> s	33.	no'bŏd ў
22 .	a brøad'	28.	gŏb′bl¢d	34.	b¢áū'tĭ ful
23.	tĭ <u>n</u> ′kl¢	29.	$\bar{\mathbf{g}}\underline{\mathbf{old}}'\mathbf{\not e}\mathbf{n}$ rŏd	35 .	mĕr'rĭ ly
24.	här'ness	30.	f <u>âir</u> 'ĭ¢s	36.	R <u>am</u> 'à z <u>an</u>
	37.	yōk¢d	38.	Ŏb'er on	l

1. Goldenrod.

OW in the world did I happen to bloom
All by myself alone,
By the side of a dusty, country road,
With only a rough old stone
For company?" And the goldenrod,
As she drooped her yellow head,
Gave a mournful sigh. "Who cares for me,
Or knows I'm alive?" she said.

"A snow-white daisy I'd like to be,
Half hid in the cool green sod;
Or a pink spiræa, or sweet wild rose,—
But I'm only a goldenrod.

Nobody knows that I'm here, or cares
Whether I live or die!
In the world of beautiful flowers, who wants
Such a common thing as I?"

But all of a sudden she ceased her plaint,
For a child's voice cried in glee:
"Here's a dear little lovely goldenrod;
Did you bloom on purpose for me?
Down by the brook the tall spiræa
And the purple asters nod
And beckon to me,—but more than all
Do I love you, goldenrod!"

She raised the flower to her rosy lips,
And merrily kissed its face.

"Ah! now I see," said the goldenrod,
"How this is the very place
That was meant for me; and I'm glad I bloomed
Just here by the road alone,
With nobody near for company
But a dear old mossy stone."

- SELECTED.

2. Lady-bird, Lady-bird.

Lady-bird, lady-bird! fly away home!

The field mouse has gone to her nest,

The daisies have shut up their sleepy red eyes,

And the bees and the birds are at rest.

Lady-bird, lady-bird! fly away home!

The glowworm is lighting her lamp,

The dew's falling fast, and your fine speckled wings

Will flag with the close clinging damp.

Lady-bird, lady-bird! fly away home!
Good luck if you reach it at last!
The owl's come abroad, and the bat's on the roam,
Sharp set from their Ramazan fast.

Lady-bird, lady-bird! fly away home!

The fairy bells tinkle afar!

Make haste or they'll catch you, and harness you fast
With a cobweb to Oberon's car.

Lady-bird, lady-bird! fly away home!

To your house in the old willow tree,

Where your children so dear have invited the ant

And a few cozy neighbors to tea.

Lady-bird, lady-bird! fly away home!

And if not gobbled up by the way,

Nor yoked by the fairies to Oberon's car,

You're in luck!—and that's all I've to say!

-CAROLINE B. SOUTHEY.

LESSON XXXV.

A True Story about Leo.

PART I.

mustaches

1.	beards	8.	eòl'ðr	15.	ex çĕpt'
2.	Lē'ō	9.	spär'kl¢d	16.	l <u>at</u> 'ter
3.	stō'r <u>ÿ</u>	10.	eā'per¢d	17.	sh <u>or</u> t'ly
4.	shĭv'er¢d	11.	făsh'¦on	18.	pā/int'ed
5.	p <u>it</u> 'ĭ¢d	12.	ăl l <u>ow</u> '	19.	$Fr\breve{e}n\underline{ch'}man$
6.	e <u>ũr</u> l'ў	13.	cl <u>ip</u> ¢¢d	2 0.	wh <u>is</u> k'ers
7.	a mūş'ing	14.	shōµl'ders	21 .	ŏf'fer¢d

22.	swąl'lō y ¢d	26. mĭ	g' er a bl ϕ 30.	${ m d}ar{ m e}$ ç ${ m i}{ m d}'{ m e}{ m d}$
23.	<u>qu</u> ick'ly	27. kir	nd'-h¢ärt ed 31.	åft'er w <u>år</u> d
24.	No vĕm'ber	28. al 1	to gĕth'er 32.	un der st <u>and</u> '
25 .	hä∦f′-g <u>r</u> ōwn	29. e <u>or</u>	$\underline{\mathbf{a}}$ sĕnt'ed 33.	À mĕr'ĭ cans

One cold wet day in November, when I was about eight years old, a little half-grown dog ran into my father's store and lay down under the stove. His long hair hung down in wet strings, and he shivered with cold. He looked very miserable, indeed.

My father was a kind-hearted man, and he pitied the little fellow. Said he to my brothers and me, "We will let him stay here, boys, until it stops raining. Then we will send him out warm and dry."

When the dog's hair became dry, it was long, thick, and curly. His eyes sparkled. He capered about the room in the merriest fashion. He was so very pretty and so playful that he won the hearts of us boys, and we begged our father to allow him to stay with us altogether.

After thinking the matter over a little while, my father consented. We thought, however, that the dog might have a home to go to, so we left him free to go if he chose; but he never left us.

A few days later, my brother Joe clipped the hair short on the little fellow's face and all over his body back of his shoulders. He also clipped it on his legs and tail, except at the tip of the latter, where he left a tuft. The dog then looked so like a little lion that we decided he must be called Leo.

Shortly afterward Joe painted long black mustaches on Leo's face. People passing by would say, "Just



LEO BEGGING.

look at that Frenchman." You must understand that at that time it was the fashion for Frenchmen, but not for Americans, to wear mustaches without beards or whiskers.

Leo showed himself quick to learn, and soon had many amusing ways. The first thing we taught him was to beg for his dinner. This he would do

by sitting up and letting his fore paws hang down. Then we would lay a piece of meat on his nose, and he would toss it up and catch it in his mouth. He never offered to give the piece back, but swallowed it quickly.

LESSON XXXVI.

A True Story about Leo.

PART II.

BLEND.

1.	<u>dr</u> ŏpp¢d	11.	ī dē'à	21 .	tĕn'ants
2.	l <u>ĕar</u> n¢d	12.	dū't <u>ŏ</u>	22 .	nŭm'ber
3.	s <u>cr</u> ățch	13.	loş'ing	23.	vault'ing
4.	<u>th</u> rōwn	14.	sh <u>or</u> t'ly	24.	sĕv'er al
5.	dāj'ly	15.	$\bar{\mathbf{u}}'\mathbf{s}\bar{\mathbf{u}}$ al	25 .	sē eūr¢d′
6.	in stěád'	16.	ō'p¢n¢d	26 .	m <u>is'ch</u> ĭ¢f
7.	hặp'p¢n¢d	17.	$seam'per \notin d$	27 .	ex <u>pl</u> ājn¢d'
8.	an n <u>oy</u> ¢d′	18.	stēal'ing	2 8.	lĕs'søns
9.	a <u>wh</u> īl¢'	19.	n <u>e</u> igh'b <u>õr</u> s	29.	rē t <u>ũr</u> n¢d′
10.	gr¢āt'ly	2 0.	d <u>is</u> ¢ov'er	30.	rē měm'ber

In a little while winter came. Then the door had to be kept closed, and the man who left my father's daily paper dropped it at the door instead of throwing it inside. So it sometimes happened that some one going by would take the paper before we knew it had come. This annoyed my father very much, but for a while he did not know what to do about it.

At last, one day he said to us, "I have it, boys. You must teach Leo to watch for the paper, and when the man drops it, to bring it in."



LEO BRINGS THE MORNING PAPER.

We were greatly pleased with this idea and at once set about training the little fellow. How many lessons we gave him I do not remember. In a very few days, however, he had learned his duty well.

After that my father was never annoyed by losing

his paper. When the man dropped it, Leo would pick it up in his mouth and scratch at the door with his fore paws until somebody let him in.

One morning, shortly after Leo had learned to do this, he scratched at the door as usual, and brought in my father's paper. Then he ran off. In a little while he was again heard scratching at the door. Somebody opened it and there stood Leo with another paper in his mouth. This he dropped, and off he scampered again, to return in a few minutes and scratch at the door with still another paper in his mouth.

"As sure as you live, boys," said my father, "that dog has made up his mind that we like papers very much, and so he is stealing them for us from the neighbors. If he does it again we must whip him and so break him at once of the trick."

The next morning I was on the lookout in order to discover which neighbors were being robbed. There was a row of houses not far away where almost all the tenants took papers.

I saw Leo watch the paper-man till he had thrown papers into a number of the yards belonging to these houses. Then he ran quickly to the first house, and vaulting the fence, picked up the paper, leaped back over the fence, and came with his prize to the shop. This he did several times, in one yard after another, so quickly that he had secured a number before the owners came out to pick them up.

When my father found where the mischief had been done, he took the dog to one of the houses and explained to the man who lived there what had happened. He also returned that day's paper. Then he whipped Leo.

After that, when the little fellow begged to go out at paper time my father or mother would say, "No, Leo, you were a bad dog. You stole papers." This he seemed to understand. I suppose he remembered the whipping.

— Edward G. Ward.

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!

- WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

LESSON XXXVII.

A Little Goose.

treasure

BLEND.

1.	se <u>âr</u> ¢d	12.	or' g an	24 .	<u>bl</u> ŏs'som
2.	stājn¢d ·	13.	mò <u>n</u> 'k¢ў	25.	bọs'òm
3.	$\mathrm{sl}\underline{\mathrm{ip}}\mathrm{p}\phi\mathrm{d}$	14.	fŏl'lō y r¢d	26.	No vĕm'ber
4.	waľk¢d	15.	h <u>un</u> 'dr <u>ed</u>	27.	hōp¢'less ly
5.	sp <u>oi</u> l¢d	16.	mäm'må	28.	āļm'less ly
6.	f <u>âr</u> 'ing	17.	<u>pr</u> āy'ers	29 .	shĭv'er ing
7.	wh <u>is</u> '#ling	18.	pĭ#ch'ing	3 0.	<u>ch</u> ĕr'ish¢d
8.	fl <u>âr</u> 'ing	19.	st <u>or</u> m'ğ	31.	tr <u>un</u> 'dl ¢ -bĕd
9.	m ĭ \underline{n} ' g l ϕ d	20.	mŭf'fl¢d	32.	dē sp <u>âir</u> 'ing
10.	sīgh'ing	21.	hōm¢'w <u>ãr</u> d	33.	ăs t <u>on</u> 'ish¢d
11.	d <u>im</u> 'pl¢d	22.	k <u>ër'ch</u> ĭ¢f	34.	eon fi děn'tial
		23.	rĭb'bon		

The chill November day was done,

The working world home faring;

The wind came whistling through the streets

And set the gas-lamps flaring;

And hopelessly and aimlessly
The scared old leaves were flying,
When, mingled with the sighing wind,
I heard a small voice crying.

And shivering on the corner stood
A child of four or over;
No cloak or hat her small soft arms
And wind-blown curls to cover.
Her dimpled face was stained with tears;
Her round blue eyes ran over;
She cherished in her wee, blue hand
A bunch of faded clover.

And, one hand round her treasure, while
She slipped in mine the other,
Half-scared, half-confidential, said,
"Oh, please, I want my mother!"
"Tell me your street and number, pet;
Don't cry, I'll take you to it."
Sobbing, she answered, "I forget—
The organ made me do it.

"He came and played on Milly's steps,
The monkey took the money,
And so I followed down the street,
The monkey was so funny!
I've walked about a hundred hours,
From one street to another;
The monkey's gone, I've spoiled my flowers;
Oh, please, I want my mother!"

- "But what's your mother's name, and what The street? Now, think a minute."
- "My mother's name is 'Mamma dear';
 The street—I can't begin it."
- "But what is strange about the house, Or new, not like the others?"
- "I guess you mean my trundle-bed, Mine and my little brother's.
- "Oh, dear! I ought to be at home,
 To help him say his prayers;
 He's such a baby, he forgets,
 And we are both such players—

And there's a bar between, to keep From pitching on each other,
For Harry rolls when he's asleep.
Oh, dear! I want my mother."

The sky grew stormy; people passed
All muffled, homeward faring;
"You'll have to spend the night with me,"
I said, at last, despairing.
I tied a kerchief round her neck—
"What ribbon's this, my blossom?"
"Why, don't you know?" she smiling asked,
And drew it from her bosom.

A card with number, street, and name!

My eyes astonished met it;

"For," said the little one, "you see,

I might sometime forget it;

And so I wear a little thing,

That tells you all about it;

For mother says she's very sure

I should get lost without it."

—ELIZA SPROAT TURNER.

PICTURE FOR A STORY.



THE WOUNDED LAMB.

M. VON BREMEN.

LESSON XXXVIII.

Blanquette.

PART I.

chamois

BLEND.

1.	Blan quětté'	12.	fås#'¢n¢d	23 .	trøŭ'bl ¢
2.	Sē' <u>guin</u>	13.	br <u>ow</u> ş¢d	24.	Re navidé'
3.	m <u>ou</u> n'tain	14.	j <u>oy</u> ′øus	25 .	stā'bl¢
4.	nēj'ther	15.	dē çējv¢d′	26 .	ea rĕss'ĕs
5.	wor'rĭ¢d	16.	<u>pl</u> ĕaş'ure	27.	frē¢'dòm
6.	sĕv'¢n <u>th</u>	17.	<u>āam</u> 'bŏl	2 8.	ēas'ĭ ly
7.	p <u>ēr</u> hăps'	18.	hĕath'er	29 .	dē l <u>ight</u> 'ed
8.	dŏç'ĭl¢	19.	<u>dr</u> ĕ≉d'ful	30.	p <u>it</u> 'ĭ ful
9.	pŏr′rĭ¢lġ¢	20 .	mō'ment	31.	ăs t <u>on</u> 'ish¢d
10 .	ĕn <u>cl</u> ōş∉d′	21.	f <u>in</u> 'ish¢d	32.	rē mĕm'ber
11.	hạ y ′th <u>or</u> n	22 .	ē nøŭg <u>h</u> '	33.	un for'tū n <u>ate</u> ly

Mr. Seguin never had good luck with his goats. He had lost them all in the same way. One by one they

had broken loose and run away to the mountain, and there the wolf had eaten them. Neither the caresses of their master nor the fear of the wolf had held them back. It seemed as if they wished for freedom at any price.

The good man did not understand this and was greatly worried. "It is too bad," he said. "The goats grow weary of my care. I cannot keep one."

However, he did not give up, and, after having lost six in the same manner, he bought a seventh. This time he took care to get a young one in order that it might more easily become used to living with him.

This one he named Blanquette. She was very pretty; she had beautiful eyes, feet black and shining, horns like a chamois', and long, white hair. Besides, she was very docile and gentle. She would not move while being milked, and she never put her foot into her porridge.

Mr. Seguin had a field back of his house enclosed by a hawthorn hedge. It was there that he placed the little goat. He fastened her to a stake in the middle of the field and was careful to give her plenty of rope. Here the goat was very happy, and browsed the grass in such a joyous way that her master was delighted. "At last," thought the good man, "I have a goat that will not get tired of my home."

Mr. Seguin deceived himself; his goat soon became restless. One day as Blanquette looked at the mountain, she said to herself: "How I should like to be up there! What pleasure to gambol in the sweet heather without this dreadful rope that hurts my neck! It is all right for the cows and the oxen to browse in a field, but goats ought to be free."

From that moment the grass in the field seemed less fresh to her. She became weary of her quiet life. It was pitiful to see her pulling all day on her rope, with her head turned toward the mountain, and sadly crying, "Ba-a-a!"

Mr. Seguin saw that something was the matter with the little goat, but did not know what it was. One morning when he had finished milking her, she turned toward him and said, "Listen, Mr. Seguin, I am unhappy here; let me go to the mountain."

"What, you also?" cried Mr. Seguin, so astonished that he let his pail of milk fall. Then, seating himself on the grass by the side of the goat, he said, "What is this, Blanquette; you wish to leave me?"

Blanquette replied, "Yes, my master, I do."

- "Is there not enough grass here?"
- "There is plenty of grass, Mr. Seguin."
- "Perhaps your rope is too short. Do you wish me to give you a longer one?"
 - "That is not the trouble, sir."
- "Then what is the matter? What is it that you want?"
 - "I want to go to the mountain."
- "Do you not know that the wolf is in the mountain? What will you do when he comes after you?"
 - "I will give him a blow with my horns."
- "The wolf will not care for your horns. He has eaten larger animals than you. Do you remember old Renaude who was here last year? She was a fine goat, stronger than you. She fought with the wolf all night; then in the morning he ate her."
- "Poor Renaude!" said Blanquette; "but what has she to do with me? Please let me go to the mountain."
- "Alas," said Mr. Seguin, "have I still another goat that the wolf is to eat? No, I will save you in spite of yourself, my pet, and for fear you may break your rope

I shall shut you up in the stable and you shall remain there always."

Mr. Seguin carried the goat into the stable where it was quite dark; then he closed the door and locked it. Unfortunately he had forgotten the window. He had hardly turned his back before the little goat jumped out of this window.

LESSON XXXIX.

•0>**9**<0•

Blanquette.

PART II.

BLEND.

	•				
1.	flĕcks	10.	ō'p¢n¢d	19.	be ljev¢d'
2.	s <u>tr</u> ĕ¢ch¢d	11.	nā't <u>ure</u>	20.	ăd mīr¢d'
3.	p <u>ĕr</u> ch	12.	hon'õr	21.	frĕsh'¢n¢d
4.	$w\underline{\mathfrak{d}r}ld$	13.	b <u>ou</u> nd'ed	22.	eòl'õr¢d
5.	fŏr'est	14.	th <u>ick</u> 'ĕt	23.	ch <u>im</u> ′n¢ў
6.	rē çējv¢d'	15.	rå vïn∉'	24.	faľ'eøn
7.	<u>ch</u> ĕs‡'nŭt	16.	eov'er¢d	25.	<u>tr</u> ĕm'bl¢d
8.	dāļn't ў	17.	văl'l¢ <u>ğ</u>	26 .	<u>tr</u> ŭmp'ĕt
9.	woød'l <u>and</u>	18.	rē mājn¢d'	27.	ĕf'f <u>õr</u> t

28. p <u>ẽr</u> 'fĕet ly	31. s <u>at</u> 'is fī ϕ d	34. vī'ō let				
29. dif'fer ent	32. $\underline{\mathbf{cr}}\bar{\mathbf{e}} \bar{\mathbf{a}}\mathbf{t'}\mathbf{ed}$	35. d <u>is</u> ăp pēar¢d'				
30. ăp'pē tīt¢	33. sĕn sā'tìøn	36. dē çīd'ed				
37. ō ver flōψ'ing 38. pō līt¢'ness						

When Blanquette reached the mountain she was perfectly happy. Never had the old forest trees seen anything so pretty. They received her as a little queen. The chestnut trees bowed themselves so that they might caress her with the tips of their branches; the dainty woodland flowers opened themselves in her path. All nature delighted to honor her.

Do you not think the little goat was happy? No more rope, no more stake, nothing to keep her from gamboling, from browsing where she pleased. What grass! how sweet! how different from the grass in the field! The whole forest seemed overflowing with sweetness.

The white goat, her appetite satisfied, first stretched herself out on the grass, then rolled down the slopes, pell mell, with the fallen leaves and the chestnuts. Then, all at once, she bounded up on her little feet, and away she went across the thicket, through the

bushes, now on a hill, now in a ravine, here, there, everywhere. One would have said there were ten Blanquettes on the mountain.

She cleared with one leap the rushing brook, and her soft white coat was wet with mist and covered with flecks of foam. Then, all dripping, she stretched



BLANQUETTE ON THE MOUNTAIN.

herself on a flat rock to dry in the sunlight.

Once as she stood on the very edge of a cliff, with a bunch of wild vetch in her mouth, she saw, down in the valley, the house of Mr. Seguin.

She laughed till she cried. "How could I have remained there so long!" she said.

Poor little thing! As she stood on her lofty perch she believed that no one in the world was so grand as she. It was, indeed, a happy day for the little Blanquette.

Toward noon she fell in with a flock of chamois that were eating a wild vine. Our little goat with her white coat created a sensation among them. They admired her very much. They gave her the best place at the vine, and in every way treated her with the greatest politeness.

All at once the wind freshened. The mountain became violet-colored. It was night. The field of Mr. Seguin disappeared in the fog, and nothing could be seen of the house but the chimney, out of which came a little smoke.

Blanquette heard the lowing of the cattle as they went homeward, and her heart felt very sad. A falcon, flying low, touched her with its wings in passing. She trembled. Then she heard a howling in the mountain, "Hou-oo-oo! Hou-oo-oo!"

She thought of the wolf for the first time. At the same moment a trumpet sounded far away in the valley. It was the good Mr. Seguin making a last effort to recall her.

- "Hou-oo! Hou-oo!" said the wolf.
- "Come back! Come back!" cried the trumpet.

Blanquette wished to return; but she remembered the stake, the rope, the hedge around the field. She could not return to that life, and she decided to remain where she was.

LESSON XL. Blanquette.

PART III.

BLEND.

to <u>n</u> gyi¢	11.	lō w ′er∉d	21.	wĭş'dom
<u>ch</u> ānġ¢d	12.	m <u>on</u> 'ster	22 .	ē n <u>or'</u> møus
$\operatorname{\underline{ch}}$ är $ extbf{\dot{g}} extbf{e} ext{d}$	13.	b <u>at</u> 'tl¢	23.	mō'tìøn less
<u>br</u> ĕath	14.	paviş'ĕs	24.	hās'tĭ ly
skŭlk¢d	15.	g <u>l</u> ŭt'tøn	25.	d <u>is</u> ăp pēar¢d'
shăd′ō₩	16.	gl <u>im</u> 'mer	26.	rē døŭ'bl¢d
ē rĕet'	17.	ăp pēar¢d'	27.	ex Mayst'ed
ăd vànç¢′	18.	dē v <u>our</u> '	2 8.	tĕn'der ly
hŭr'r y	19.	rē pōrt'	29.	sŭr r <u>ou</u> nd'ed
w <u>ick</u> 'ed	20.	p <u>ũr</u> sū¢d′	30.	ō ver <u>joy</u> ¢d'
31. p <u>it</u> ′ē	øus	ly 32. ex p	ē'rĭ e	enç ¢
	tongy for charged charged breath skulked shad'ow ē reet' ad vance' hur'ry wick'ed 31. pit'ē	chānġ¢d 12. chārġ¢d 13. brĕáth 14. skŭlk¢d 15. shăd'ōw 16. ē rĕet' 17. ăd vànç¢' 18. hŭr'ry 19. wick'ed 20.	chānġ¢d 12. mon'ster chārġ¢d 13. bat'tl¢ brĕáth 14. pa¼ṣ'ĕs skŭlk¢d 15. glŭt'tøn shăd'ōw 16. glim'mer ē rĕet' 17. ăp pēár¢d' ăd vànç¢' 18. dē vour' hŭr'rў 19. rē pōrt' wick'ed 20. pũr sū¢d'	chānġ¢d 12. mon'ster 22. chārġ¢d 13. bat'tl¢ 23. brĕáth 14. paúṣ'ĕs 24. skŭlk¢d 15. glŭt'tøn 25. shăd'ōw 16. glim'mer 26. ē rĕet' 17. ăp pēár¢d' 27. ăd vànç¢' 18. dē vour' 28. hŭr'rў 19. rē pōrt' 29. wick'ed 20. pũr sū¢d' 30.

The trumpet sounded no more. The goat heard a noise in the leaves behind her. She turned and saw

in the shadow two short ears, standing erect, and two

shining eyes. It was the wolf.

Enormous, motionless, he stood there looking at the little white goat and tasting her in advance. As he felt sure he should eat her, he did not hurry; but when she turned, he laughed wickedly and passed his great red tongue over his lips.

Blanquette felt that she was lost. In a moment she recalled the story of old Renaude who had fought all night yet was eaten in the morning. Perhaps it would be better to be eaten right away, thought the poor little goat.

Then she changed her mind; she lowered her head and with horns out charged at the wolf. Not that she hoped to kill him, — goats do not kill wolves, — but only to see if she could hold out as long as Renaude had done.

The monster advanced and the battle began. Ah! the little goat was brave. More than ten times she made the wolf stop to get his breath. During these pauses the little goat would hastily gather some grass and return to the fight with her mouth full.

This fighting lasted all night. From time to time Blanquette looked at the stars dancing in the clear heavens and said to herself, "Oh, if I can only hold out until daylight!"

One after another the stars disappeared. Blanquette redoubled the blows with her horns. A pale glimmer appeared in the east. The crow of a cock was heard in the valley below.



BLANOUETTE CHARGED AT THE WOLF.

"At last!" said the poor little animal, who had been waiting for daybreak only that she might die. She sank exhausted on the ground, her pretty white coat all spotted with blood.

Just as the wolf was about to spring on her and devour her, the sharp report of a gun rang through

the forest. The wolf, wounded by the shot, howled piteously and skulked off into the thick underbrush, closely pursued by two hunters; and Blanquette—she was so frightened that her long, weary struggle with the wolf was forgotten.

She jumped up and started for the valley as fast as her tired little feet could carry her. She did not stop until she reached the field surrounded by the hawthorn hedge.

Good Mr. Seguin, overjoyed at the return of his pet, tenderly dressed her wounds and gathered fresh, crisp clover for her to eat. In a few days Blanquette was quite herself again. She had gained wisdom by her experience and never again wished to go to the mountain.

- Adapted from the French of ALPHONSE DAUDET.

If thou know'st no good to say
Of thy brother, foe, or friend,
Take thou, then, the silent way,
Lest in word thou should'st offend.

-POPE.

LESSON XLI.

The Good Little Sister.

BLEND.

1.	$\underline{ ext{cl}}$ ō $ ext{th}$ $ ext{\'e}$ $ ext{d}$	15.	rĭch'ĕs	29.	mō¼ld'ed
2.	se <u>âr</u> ç¢	16.	sēa'søn	30.	<u>joy</u> 'ful
3.	d <u>ou</u> þts	17.	<u>pr</u> ĕş'ent	31.	won'der
4.	mĭx¢d	18.	€þ∕r <u>is</u> ‡′mas	32.	hŭm'bl¢
5 .	pōµr¢d	19.	ẽar'ly	33.	davigh'ter
6.	fōľks	20.	stō'rĭ¢s	34.	<u>bl</u> ĕss'ed
7.	wĕál <u>th</u>	21.	pĭl′lō w	35.	<u>bl</u> ŏs'som
8.	ă <u>n</u> x'iøus	22 .	stŏck'ings	36.	ĕmp't <u></u> ğ
9.	nēj'ther	23.	ch <u>im</u> 'n¢ÿ	37 .	fā'v <u>õr</u> s
10.	nē¢d'ful	24 .	pā'tì¢nt	38.	ō'er east'
11.	shĕl'ter¢d	25.	dē s <u>tr</u> oy∳d′	39.	h¢är <u>th</u> ′stōn¢
12 .	s <u>tr</u> ŭgʻgl¢	26.	frĕsh'ĕt	40.	wọm'an ly
13.	hōp¢'ful	27 .	an'tŭmn	41.	grō tĕsqu¢'ly
14.	<u>ch</u> ē¢r'ful	2 8.	hōard'ed	42.	hăp'pĭ est
					•

That was a bitter winter
When Jenny was four years old,
And lived in a lonely farmhouse—
Bitter, and long, and cold.

The crops had been a failure —
In the barns there was room to spare;
And Jenny's hard-working father
Was full of anxious care.

Neither his wife nor children

Knew lack of fire or bread;

They had whatever was needful,

Were sheltered, and clothed, and fed.

But the mother, alas! was ailing—
'Twas a struggle just to live;
And they scarce had even hopeful words,
Or cheerful smiles to give.

A good, kind man was the father, He loved his girls and boys; But he whose hands are his riches Has little for gifts and toys. So when it drew near the season

That makes the world so glad —

When Jenny knew 'twas the time for gifts,

Her childish heart was sad.

For she thought, "I shall get no present When Christmas comes, I am sure;" Ah! the poor man's child learns early Just what it means to be poor.

Yet still on the holy even

As she sat by the hearthstone bright,

And her sister told good stories,

Her heart grew almost light.

For the hopeful skies of childhood

Are never quite o'ercast;

And she said, "Who knows but somehow,

Something will come at last!"

So, before she went to her pillow, Her pretty stockings were tied Safely together, and slyly hung, Close to the chimney side. There was little room for hoping,
One would say who had lived more years;
Yet the faith of the child is wiser
Sometimes than our doubts and fears.

Jenny had a good little sister,
Very big to her childish eyes,
Who was womanly, sweet, and patient,
And kind as she was wise.

And she had thought of this Christmas,
And the little it could bring,
Ever since the crops were half destroyed
By the freshet in the spring.

So the sweetest nuts of the autumn
She had safely hid away;
And the ripest and reddest apples
Hoarded for many a day.

And last she mixed some seedcakes (Jenny was sleeping then),
And molded them grotesquely,
Like birds, and beasts, and men.

Then she slipped them into the stockings,
And smiled to think about
The joyful wonder of her pet,
When she found and poured them out.

And you couldn't have seen next morning
A gladder child in the land
Than that humble farmer's daughter,
With her simple gifts in her hand.

And the loving sister? ah! you know How blessed 'tis to give; And they who think of others most Are the happiest folks that live!

She had done what she could, my children,
To brighten that Christmas day;
And whether her heart or Jenny's
Was lightest, 'tis hard to say.

And this, if you have but little,
Is what I would say to you:
Make all you can of that little—
Do all the good you can do.

And though your gifts may be humble, Let no little child, I pray, Find only an empty stocking On the morn of the Christmas day!

'Tis years and years since that sister
Went to dwell with the just;
And over her body the roses
Blossom and turn to dust.

And Jenny's a happy woman,
With wealth enough and to spare;
And every year her lap is filled
With presents fine and rare.

But whenever she thanks the givers
For favors great and small,
She thinks of the good little sister
Who gave her more than they all!

- PHŒBE CARY.



LESSON XLII. Snow-White and Red-Rose.

PART I.

BLEND.

1.	<u>cl</u> ōth¢s	13.	ēast' <u>ĕr</u> n	26.	mŭz'zl¢
2.	h¢är <u>th</u>	14.	ān'ġĕls	27.	ayi'tŭmyi
3.	s <u>cr</u> ē ϕ m ϕ d	15.	făsh'/ion	2 8.	văl′ū¢
4 .	s <u>tr</u> ĕ¢ch¢d	16.	shĕl'ter	29 .	a mo <u>n</u> gʻ
5 .	lĕ <u>n</u> gth	17.	in stěáď	30.	gward'ĭ an
6.	dwarfs	18.	bl <u>eat</u> ' ed	31.	spěc'tà cl¢s
7.	warm¢d	19.	frō'z¢n	32 .	<u>pr</u> ĕş'ent ly
8.	daugh'ters	20 .	sĕt'tl¢d	33.	<u>tr</u> ăv'ĕl er
9.	<u>qu</u> ī'ĕt	21.	<u>dr</u> ĕ⁄ad'ful	34.	ex pĕet'ed
10.	mĕạd'ōws	22 .	wĕath'er	35.	eon těnt'ed
11.	fŏr'est	23 .	ăl l <u>ow</u> ¢d′	36 .	sŏr′rō y ful
12.	mŏss'ğ	24 .	vĭṣ'its	37.	gl <u>it</u> 'ter ing
		25.	bolt'ing		

Once upon a time, there lived in a lonely cottage a poor widow. In her garden grew two rose trees, one of

which bore white roses, the other red. The widow had two daughters, who looked so much like roses that she gave to one the name of Snow-white, and to the other Red-rose.

They were two of the best children in the world, yet they were very unlike. Snow-white was quiet and gentle; Red-rose was fond of running about the fields and meadows in search of flowers and butterflies.

Snow-white would often stay at home with her mother, help her with the housework, and then read to her after it was done. The two children were very fond of each other, and whenever they walked out together they held each other's hands. When Snow-white would say, "We will never leave each other," her sister would reply, "No, never, so long as we live."

No danger ever came to them, even if they stayed in the forest till late, or after nightfall. They would lie down on the mossy bed and sleep till morning, and their mother knew there was no cause for fear.

Once, when they had been in the wood all night, and did not wake till the sun had reddened the eastern sky, as they opened their eyes they saw near them a beautiful little child, whose clothes were white and shining.

When he saw they were awake, he looked kindly at them, and without a word vanished from their sight.

On rising they found that they had been sleeping on the edge of a steep rock, down which they would have fallen had they moved in the dark. When they told their mother, she said the child must have been one of the guardian angels who watch over good children.

Snow-white and Red-rose kept their mother's cottage so neat and clean that it was a pleasure to look at it. Every morning, in summer, Red-rose took care always to place by her mother's bed a bunch of fresh flowers, in which was a flower from each of the rose trees. In winter, Snow-white lighted the fire, filled the kettle, and placed it over the bright blaze.

In the evening, when the snow was falling and the door closed and locked, they would seat themselves round the fire in the bright, snug little room, and knit busily, while their mother would put on her spectacles, and read to them out of the Good Book.

One evening they were sitting in this fashion, with a pet lamb sleeping on the hearth near them, and above them on a perch, a white dove with its head behind its wing. Presently came a knock at the door, and the

mother said, "Red-rose, open it quickly; no doubt some poor traveler, lost in the snow, wants shelter."

Red-rose opened the door, but instead of the poor man she expected to see, a great bear pushed his black head in. Red-rose screamed aloud, and started back; the lamb bleated, the dove flew wildly about the room, and Snow-white hid herself behind her mother's bed.

The bear, however, began to speak very gently. "Do not fear," he said, "I will not hurt you. I only want to warm myself by your fire, for I am half frozen."

"Poor bear," said the mother; "come in and lie down by the fire, if you want to; but take care not to burn your furry coat."

Then she called out, "Snow-white and Red-rose, come here. The bear is quite gentle; he will do you no harm."

So they both came near the fire, and soon the dove and the lamb got over their fright, and settled themselves to sleep.

Presently the bear said, "Dear children, will you brush off the snow from my fur?"

So they got the broom, and cleaned the bear's skin till it looked quite smooth, and then he stretched him-

self at full length before the fire, grunting now and then, to show how contented he felt. In a very short time they lost all fear of their guest, and even began to play with him. They jumped on his back, rolled him over on the floor, pulled his thick fur, and when he growled they only laughed.

The bear allowed them to do as they liked, only saying, when they were too rough with him, "Leave me my life, dear children."

When bedtime came the mother said to him: "You may stay here by the fire all night, if you like. I will not turn you out in this dreadful weather, and here you will at least be sheltered from the cold."

In the morning when they all rose, the two children let him out, and he trotted away over the snow into the wood.

After that he came each evening at the same hour, laid himself on the hearth, and allowed the children to play with him just as they pleased. They became so used to his visits that no one thought of bolting the door till his black muzzle was pushed in. The winter passed, and spring was again covering the meadows and forest trees with her robe of green. One morning the

bear said to Snow-white, "I am going away now for the summer, and you will not see me again till autumn."

"Where are you going, dear bear?" asked Snow-white.

"I must go to the forest," he replied, "to hide my treasures from those wicked dwarfs. In winter these

treasures are safe under the frozen earth, but now, when the sun has warmed the ground and made it soft, it is easy for them to break it and dig up what I have buried. And when once anything of



EACH EVENING THE BEAR CAME.

value is in their hands it is not easy to get it again."

Snow-white felt sorrowful when the bear said good-by. As he passed out of the door, the latch caught his fur and tore a little piece off. Snow-white thought she saw something glittering like gold under the skin, but she was not sure, for the bear trotted away very quickly and was soon lost to sight among the trees.

LESSON XLIII.

Snow-White and Red-Rose.

PART II.

BLEND.

1.	gl <u>âr</u> ¢d	15 .	$m\bar{o}'ment$	30 .	wạn'der
2.	wĕ¢İġ¢	16.	ēa'gl¢	31.	măr'rĭ¢d
3.	p <u>ear</u> ls	17.	ex <u>cl</u> ā/m¢d′	32 .	vĭl'laġ¢
4.	pr e ∲	18.	tăl'ons	33.	wed'dings
5.	$\operatorname{\underline{ch}}$ ān $\dot{\mathbf{g}}$ ød	19.	røŭg <u>h</u> 'ly	34.	eăs'țl¢
6.	shāv'ings	20.	<u>pr</u> ĕ′¢1øus	35.	hov'er ing
7.	$\mathbf{gr}\mathbf{e}\mathbf{\phi}\mathbf{d}'\mathbf{\check{y}}$	21.	ĕmp'tĭ¢d	36.	ŏf'fer ing
8.	hŏr'rĭd	22 .	jēw'ĕls	37 .	fī'er <u>ў</u>
9.	<u>cr</u> ē¢'t <u>ure</u> s	23.	sī'lent	38.	ă <u>n</u> 'grĭ ly
10.	rē lēas¢'	24.	won'der	39.	sŭd'dĕn ly
11.	s¢ĭş'ş <u>õr</u> s	25 .	gäp'ing	40 .	tĕr'rĭ bl¢
12.	ĕf'f <u>õr</u> ts	2 6.	spīt¢'ful	41.	rĕe'ŏ g nīz¢d
13.	e <u>us</u> 'tom	27 .	th <u>ick</u> 'ĕt	42 .	eăr'ry ing
14.	wrĕ‡ch'ĕs	28.	ĕs eāp¢'	43.	hăp'pĭ ness
		29.	s <u>ũr pr</u> īṣ¢'		

SOME time after the bear went away, the mother sent Snowwhite and Red-rose into the forest to gather brushwood. They found a large tree which had fallen to the ground, and as they stood looking at it they saw something jumping up and down on the other side of the trunk. They could not think what it was till they went nearer, and then they saw a little dwarf, whose long white beard had been caught in the cleft of the tree.

The dwarf was jumping about, but he could not get free. He glared at the children with his red fiery eyes and cried, "Why are you standing there staring, instead of offering to help me?"

"Poor little man!" said Red-rose, "how did you do this?"

"You goose," he replied angrily, "I wanted to split up the tree that I might get some shavings for our cooking. I drove my wedge into the tree and it seemed all right, but the horrid thing was so slippery that it sprung out again suddenly. The tree closed so quickly that it caught my long white beard, and it is now so fast that I cannot get it out. See how the white, milkfaced creatures laugh!" he shouted. "Oh, but you are ugly!"

The children wished to help him, and they went up to him and tried to pull out the beard, but could not do so.

- "I will run home and call somebody," said Red-rose.
- "What!" cried the dwarf, "send for more people! Why, there are too many here already, you madeaps."
- "Don't be so cross," said Snow-white; "I think we can release you."

She took her scissors out of her pocket as she spoke and cut the dwarf's beard off close to the trunk of the tree. No sooner was he free than he caught hold of a bag full of gold which was lying among the roots. He swung the bag across his shoulders and went away without one word of thanks to the children for helping him.

Some time after this Snow-white and Red-rose went out one day to catch fish. As they sat fishing on the banks of the stream they saw something jumping about as if it were going to jump into the water. They ran forward and recognized the dwarf.

"What are you doing here?" asked Red-rose; "why do you wish to jump into the water?"

"Do you think I am such a fool as that?" he cried; "don't you see how this fish is dragging me?"

The dwarf had been fishing. The wind had caught his beard and entangled it in the fish line. Then a large fish had swallowed the bait, and was dragging him into the water. He held fast to the reeds and rushes that grew on the bank, but with little success, and the children were only just in time to save him from being dragged in by the fish. The only means of saving him was to cut off his beard, and this time so much of it that only a short piece was left.

Although by so doing they saved his life, the dwarf was in a rage. He screamed out: "Is it your custom, you wretches! to treat people's faces in this way? I dare not show myself. I am such a fright. I wish you had to run till you lose the soles off your shoes."

He lifted a bag of pearls which he had hidden among the rushes, and throwing it on his shoulder without another word, slunk away behind a stone.

It happened at another time that the mother of the two girls sent them to the town to buy needles, thread, and ribbon. Their way lay across a heath. Presently they saw a huge bird hovering over a certain spot on the heath. He darted down to the earth, and at the same moment they heard loud cries.

The children ran to the place, and saw with great alarm that a large eagle had the dwarf in his talons, and was carrying him away. The children did all they could; they held the little man fast to pull him back, and at last the bird gave up his prey.

The dwarf was no sooner over his fright than he exclaimed: "What do you mean by catching hold of me so roughly? You held my new coat till it is nearly torn off my back — little clowns that you are!"

Then he took up his sack of precious stones, and slipped away among the rocks, while the maidens went on their way to the town.

On their return, while crossing the heath, they came again upon the dwarf, who had emptied his sack of precious stones in a quiet corner, not thinking that any one would pass at such a late hour. The evening sun shone on the jewels, which flashed out such beautiful colors in its golden light that the children stood in silent wonder.

"What are you standing there gaping at?" asked the dwarf, his face red with rage. He was going on with his spiteful words when suddenly a growl was heard, and a large black bear rushed out of the thicket.



"WHAT ARE YOU STANDING THERE GAPING AT?"

The dwarf sprang up in a great fright, but he could not escape, for the bear stood just in his way. Then he cried out in his distress: "Dear Mr. Bear, do spare my

life. I will give up all my treasures, and those jewels that you can see lying there, if you will only grant me my life. Such a weak little creature as I am would not be a mouthful for you. See, there are two nice little tender bits—those two wicked maidens. They are as fat as young quails. Just eat them instead of me."

But the bear, without a word, lifted up his fore paw, and with one stroke laid the ugly, wicked little wretch dead on the ground.

The maidens in a fright were running away; but the bear called to them, "Snow-white, Red-rose, don't be afraid. Wait, and I will go home with you."

They knew his voice, and stood still till he came up to them; but what was their surprise to see the bearskin suddenly fall off, and instead of a rough bear there stood before them a handsome young man.

"I am a king's son," he said; "and that wicked dwarf, after robbing me of all I had, changed me into a bear. I have had to wander about the woods, watching my treasures, but not able to catch the dwarf and kill him till to-day. His death has set me free."

Not many years after this Snow-white was married to the prince, and Red-rose to his brother, with whom he had shared the riches which the dwarf had stolen. There was great joy in the village when these weddings took place, and Snow-white and Red-rose sent for their mother, who lived for many years in great happiness with her children.

The two rose trees were brought to the castle and planted in the garden near the windows of the two sisters; and every year they bore beautiful red and white roses, as they had done in the cottage garden at home.

- Adapted from JACOB and WILLIAM GRIMM.

LESSON XLIV.

-∞≿co-

BLEND.

1.	<u>bl</u> ĕss¢d	9.	frĕe′kl¢d	17.	s <u>un</u> 'beams
2.	shăd′ō₩	10.	spĕe′kl¢d	18.	frā'granç¢
3.	<u>pr</u> ŏp'er	11.	s <u>tr</u> īv'ing	19.	wh <u>is</u> 'per¢d
4.	no'tìøn	12.	€¢ŭş' <i>j</i> ns	2 0.	be löv¢d′
5.	cow' <u>ar</u> d	13.	frĕt'ted	2 1.	<u>tr</u> ĕss'ĕs
6.	shīn'ing	14.	pĕt'ted	22.	shō¼l'ders
7.	ăr'rant	15.	sh <u>âr</u> 'ing	23 .	ān'ġĕls
8.	be hīnd'	16.	€å rĕss¢d′	24 .	<u>ch</u> ĭl' <u>dr</u> ĕn

25. lā'z ў	29. wīld lĭl'ĭ¢s	33. b¢¢ū'tĭ ful
26. ĕar'ly	30. měád'ōw l <u>and</u> s	34. jū've nĭl¢
$27. f\underline{un}'$ nĭ est	31. nĕġ lĕet'ed	35. In'dĭ a rŭb'ber
28. but'ter ϵ <u>up</u>	32. r <u>ed'-bl</u> ŏs <u>some</u> d	36. slē¢p'ў hĕad

1. Kitty.

Alas! little Kitty — do give her your pity —
Had lived seven years, and was never called pretty!
Her hair was bright red, and her eyes were dull blue,

And her cheeks were so freckled, They looked like the speckled

Wild lilies, which down in the meadow lands grew. If her eyes had been black, if she'd only had curls, She had been, so she thought, the most happy of girls.

Her cousins around her, they pouted and fretted, But they were all pretty, and they were all petted; While poor little Kitty, though striving her best

To do her child's duty,

Not sharing their beauty,

Was always neglected and never caressed.

All in vain, so she thought, was she loving and true, While her hair was bright red, and her eyes were dull blue.

But one day, alone 'mid the clover blooms sitting,' She heard a strange sound, as of wings round her flitting;

A light not of sunbeams, a fragrance more sweet Than the wind's, blowing over

The red-blossomed clover,

Made her thrill with delight from her head to her feet; And a voice sweet and rare, whispered low in the air, "See that beautiful, beautiful child sitting there!"

Thrice blessed little Kitty! She almost looked pretty! Beloved by the angels, she needed no pity!

O juvenile charmers! with shoulders of snow, Ruby lips, sunny tresses,—

Forms made for caresses, —

There's one thing, my beauties, 'tis well you should know:

Though the world is in love with bright eyes and soft hair,

It is only good children the angels call fair.

-Marion Douglas.

2. My Shadow.

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me from the heels up to the
head;

And I see him jump before me, when I jump into my bed.

The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow —

Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;

For he sometimes shoots up taller, like an India rubber ball,

And he sometimes gets so little that there's none of him at all.

He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to play,

And can only make a fool of me in every sort of way.

He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see; I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

One morning, very early, before the sun was up,

I rose and found the shining dew on every buttercup;

But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepyhead,

Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in

bed.

—ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

From "A Child's Garden of Verses," by permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

LESSON XLV.

∞;e;∞

The Elves and the Shoemaker.

BLEND.

1.	stĭ¢ch¢d	7.	know'ing	13.	rē çējv¢d'
2.	<u>pl</u> ēas¢d	8.	n <u>eat</u> 'ly	14.	døŭ′bl∉
3.	${ m s}{ m tr} { m ar u} {f ar g}' { m gl} {f \phi} { m d}$	9.	eŏm <u>pl</u> ēt¢'	15 .	wĕ¤l <u>th</u> 'ў
4.	p <u>ũr</u> ′pỏs¢	10.	bµ'y'er	16.	dē spăţch'
5 .	lĕath'er	11.	<u>br</u> ĕák'fast	17.	ăr rān ġ ¢d′
6.	f <u>in</u> 'ish¢d	12.	$p\underline{\tilde{u}r'ch}as\phi$	18.	rōam'ing

19. hŭş'band	27. mis for'tūn¢	36. ĕn ā'bl¢d
20. <u>pr</u> ē p <u>âr</u> ¢d′	28. ăp p <u>âr</u> 'ent	37. h¢ärt'ĭ ly
21. s <u>ũr pr</u> īş¢d′	29. eŏm m <u>end</u> 'ed	38. ģĕn'er øus
22. ăr rā y ¢d′	30. ăs t <u>on</u> 'ish¢d	39. d <u>is</u> ăp pēar¢d'
23. mor'tals	31. al rĕád'ў	40. rē ward'ing
24. hĕnç¢ fōr <u>th</u> '	32. ex am'in¢	41. pär t <u>ic</u> 'ū l <u>ār</u>
25. <u>pr</u> ŏs'per¢d	33. ĕl'ē gant	42. må të'rĭ al
26. sho¢'māk er	34. in sisting	43. bĕn ē făe't <u>õr</u> s
·	35. ū'ṣū al	

There was once a poor shoemaker who worked hard and struggled against misfortune, but to no apparent purpose; for it seemed that the harder he worked the poorer he grew. At last he became so very poor that he had nothing left but a small piece of leather, just enough for one pair of shoes. In the evening he cut out the shoes he was to make the next day, commended himself to God, and went to bed.

Next morning, as he went to begin his work, he was astonished to find it already finished. Not knowing what to say, he took up the shoes to examine them, and found them neatly stitched and complete in every particular.

He had hardly laid them down when a purchaser came in, and was so much pleased with the elegant finish of the shoes that he bought them, insisting on paying more than the usual price. With the money the shoemaker was enabled to buy leather enough for two pairs of shoes.

Before going to bed he cut out his material, and laid it aside with a thankful heart.

Rising early the next morning, he was just about to enter heartily on his work when he found that it had been done for him; for he saw two pairs of shoes, as elegantly finished as the pair on the morning before. Before breakfast-time these were sold, and at prices that enabled the shoemaker to purchase material for four pairs more.

Having cut these out in the evening, he went to bed, and awoke the next morning to find his work again done and ready purchasers waiting.

So it went on, the prices received for his shoes enabling him to purchase material for double the number of shoes each day; each night he cut out his material, and in the morning awoke to find his work finished. At last he became a wealthy man.

One evening, after cutting out his material as usual, the shoemaker said to his wife, "What do you say to our sitting up to-night, to see our good friends that are helping us in this generous way?"

His wife was willing, and they hid themselves in a corner of the room. At midnight two little men no bigger than your hand came in, and taking the material, began to stitch and hammer with so much skill and dispatch that the shoemaker and his wife could hardly believe their eyes. When the shoes were all finished, the little men quickly arranged them in order and disappeared.

The next morning the shoemaker's wife said, "I do not know of any better way of showing how grateful we are to the little men than by giving them each a new suit of clothes. They must be cold, roaming about in the cold night air with so little clothing on."

The man was very glad that his wife had found some way of rewarding their benefactors. She worked away, and before bedtime she had two little suits of clothes made, complete in every particular, even to stockings and caps; and her husband had ready two tiny pairs of shoes, made of his finest and softest leather. These

were laid out that night instead of the leather as usual, and the man and his wife hid themselves as they had done the evening before.

At midnight the little men came in, prepared to



"TWO LITTLE MEN . . . BEGAN TO STITCH AND HAMMER."

begin work. They were surprised to find, instead of work laid out for them, the two suits of clothes. Their surprise soon changed to delight, and they began to dress themselves in the clothes, singing all the time:—

"Thus prettily arrayed,
"Twould be a shame to toil;
Like mortals we're afraid
Our clothes with work to soil.
Away, then, away!
Happy be and gay,
Henceforth we'll only play!"

Then they leaped and skipped, jumping over tables, chairs, and everything in the way, and at last sprang out of the window.

From that time the elves were seen no more, but everything prospered with the shoemaker and his wife.

- SELECTED.

LESSON XLVI.

∞>≥∞

The Brave Tin Soldier.

PART I.

BLEND.

1.	eavis#d	6.	b <u>îr</u> th'day	11.	eăs'țl¢
2.	s <u>tr</u> ĕ‡ch¢d	7 .	<u>pr</u> ĕş'ent	12.	mŭş'l <u>in</u>
3.	<u>dr</u> åvight	8.	ē n¢ŭgh′	13.	năr'rō₩
4 .	sōl'dĭer	9.	f <u>ĭr</u> m'ly	14.	rĭb'bon
5 .	s <u>pl</u> ĕn'did	10.	eòv'er∉d	15.	shōvil'der

16. shīn'ing	24. pŭz'zl¢	32. a mūṣ¢'ments
17. t <u>in</u> 'sĕl	25. be $n\bar{e}$ ath'	33. nŭt'- <u>cr</u> ăck ers
18. dån'çer	26. hěl'mět	34. eå nā'rў
19. snŭff'-bŏx	27. flăg'stōn¢s	35. pō'ĕt r ÿ
20. băl'anç¢	28. s <u>ĕr</u> v'ant	$36. \ \underline{pr}\bar{e} \ t\underline{end}'ed$
21. pěn'çĭl	29. ū'nĭ f <u>or</u> m	37. to-mŏr′rō₩
22. mō'ment	30. ăe <u>qu</u> ā/nt'anç¢	38. bā∳′ō nĕt
23. gŏb'l <u>in</u>	31. děl'ĭ eat¢	39. dĭ rĕet'ly
40. rē i	märk' a blø 41. al	to gĕth'er

There were once five-and-twenty tin soldiers who were all brothers, for they had been made of the same old tin spoon. They looked straight before them, and each wore a splendid uniform, red and blue. The first words they ever heard were "Tin soldiers!" cried by a little boy, who clapped his hands with delight when the lid of the box, in which they lay, was taken off. They were given him for a birthday present. Among them was one odd soldier who had only one leg. He had been left till last, and then there was not enough of the melted tin to finish him; so he was made to stand firmly on one leg, and this caused him to be very remarkable.

The table on which the tin soldiers stood was covered with other playthings, but the most pleasing to the eye was a pretty little paper castle. Through the small windows the rooms could be seen. In front of the castle a number of little trees were placed around a piece of looking-glass, which looked like a lake. Swans, made of wax, swam on the lake.

All this was very pretty, but the prettiest of all was a tiny lady who stood at the open door of the castle. She, also, was made of paper, and she wore a dress of clear muslin, with a narrow blue ribbon over her shoulders just like a scarf. In the front of this was a shining tinsel rose, as large as her whole face. The little lady was a dancer, and she stretched out both her arms, and raised one of her legs so high that the tin soldier could not see it at all, and he thought that she, like himself, had only one leg.

"That is the wife for me," he thought; "but she is too grand, and lives in a castle, while I have only a box to live in, with four-and-twenty others; that is no place for her. Still, I must try to make her acquaintance." Then he laid himself at full length on the table behind a snuff-box that stood upon it, so that he could peep at

the little delicate lady, who stood on one leg without losing her balance.

When evening came, the other tin soldiers were all placed in the box, and the people of the house went to



THE TIN SOLDIERS ON PARADE.

bed. Then the playthings began to have their own games together, to pay visits, to have sham fights, and to give balls. The tin soldiers rattled in their box; they wanted to get out and join the amusements, but they could not open the lid. The nut-crackers played at leap-frog, and the pencil jumped about the table.

There was such a noise that the canary awoke and began to talk, and in poetry, too. Only the tin soldier and the dancer remained in their places. She stood on tiptoe, with her arms stretched out, as firmly as he stood on his one leg. He never took his eyes from her even for a moment.

The clock struck twelve, and with a bounce up sprang the lid of the snuff-box; but, instead of snuff, there jumped up a little black goblin; for the snuff-box was a toy puzzle.

"Tin soldier," said the goblin, "don't wish for what does not belong to you."

But the tin soldier pretended not to hear.

"Very well; wait till to-morrow, then," said the goblin.

When the children came in the next morning, they placed the tin soldier in the window. Now, whether it was the goblin who did it, or the draught, is not known, but the window flew open, and out fell the tin soldier, heels over head, from the third story into the street beneath. It was a bad fall, for he came head downwards; his helmet and his bayonet stuck in between the flagstones, and his one leg up in the air.

The servant-maid and the little boy went downstairs directly to look for him; but he was nowhere to be seen, although once they nearly trod upon him. If he had called out, "Here I am," it would have been all right; but he was too proud to cry out for help while he wore a uniform.

LESSON XLVII.

The Brave Tin Soldier.

PART II.

BLEND.

1.	påss¢d	10.	hĕav'ğ	19.	ea năl'
2.	favilt	11.	<u>tr</u> ĕm'bl¢d	2 0.	a fr ājd'
3.	gnăsh	12 .	därk'ness	21 .	war'ri <u>ðr</u>
4.	tōll	13.	påss'pört	22 .	on'w <u>ar</u> d
5.	lĕ <u>n</u> gth	14.	$s\bar{\imath}'lent$	23.	swal'lōw¢d
6.	tøŭch¢d .	15.	m <u>us</u> 'kĕt	24 .	dē cl <u>âr</u> ¢′
7 .	fåst'er	16.	s <u>tr</u> ŏ <u>n</u> ′ g er	25.	mär'kĕt
8.	<u>ā</u> ŭt'ter	17.	rōar'ing	26.	kĭ#ch'ĕn
9.	grā'cìøus	18.	t <u>un</u> 'nĕl	27.	$\mathbf{f}\mathbf{i}\mathbf{n}'\mathbf{ar{g}}\mathbf{e}\mathbf{r}$

28. eăr'rĭ¢d	33. ĕf fĕets'	38. al rĕad'ÿ
29. ă <u>n</u> x'iøus	34. sŏr'rōw	39. pŏs'sĭ bl¢
30. rēģ'søn	35. <u>çin</u> 'der	40. ĕl'ē g ant
31. <u>wh</u> ĕth'er	36. news'pā per	41. năr'rō∳ er
32. jøũr'n¢ÿ	37. sŭd'dĕn ly	$42.~~arepsilon$ ū'rĭ ϕ us

Presently it began to rain, and the drops fell faster and faster, until there was a heavy shower. When it was over, two boys passed by, and one of them said, "Look, there is a tin soldier. He ought to have a boat to sail in."

So they made a boat of newspaper, and placing the tin soldier in it, sent him sailing down the gutter, while they ran by the side of it and clapped their hands. Good gracious, what large waves rose in that gutter! and how fast the stream rolled on! The paper boat rocked up and down, and turned itself round sometimes so quickly that the tin soldier trembled, yet he stood



SAILING DOWN THE GUTTER.

firm; his face did not change, and he looked straight before him. Suddenly the boat shot under a bridge which formed part of a drain, and then it was as dark as the tin soldier's box.

"Where am I going now?" thought he. "This is the black goblin's fault, I am sure. Ah, well, if the little lady were only here with me in the boat, I should not care for any darkness."

Suddenly there came a great water rat, who lived in the drain.

"Have you a passport?" asked the rat; "give it to me at once." But the tin soldier was silent, and held his musket tighter than ever. The boat sailed on, and the rat followed it. He gnashed his teeth, and cried out to bits of wood and straw, "Stop him, stop him; he has not paid toll, and has not shown his pass."

The stream rushed on stronger and stronger. The tin soldier could already see daylight shining where the arch ended. Then he heard a roaring sound quite loud enough to frighten the bravest man. At the end of the tunnel the drain fell into a large canal over a steep place, which was as dangerous for him as a waterfall would be to us. He was too close to it to stop, so

the boat rushed on, and the poor tin soldier could only hold himself as stiff as possible, without moving an eyelid, to show that he was not afraid.

The boat turned around three or four times, and then filled with water to the very edge; nothing could save it from sinking. The soldier now stood up to his neck in water, while deeper and deeper sank the boat. The paper became soft and loose with the wet, till at last the water closed over the soldier's head. He thought of the lovely little dancer whom he should never see again, and the words of the song sounded in his ears:—

"Farewell, warrior! ever brave, Drifting onward to thy grave."

Then the paper boat fell to pieces, and the soldier sank into the water and was swallowed up by a great fish. Oh, how dark it was inside the fish! a great deal darker than in the tunnel, and narrower, too, but the tin soldier was firm, and lay at full length, shouldering his musket.

The fish swam to and fro, but at last he became quite still. After a while a flash of lightning seemed to pass through him; then the daylight came, and a voice

cried out, "I declare, here is the tin soldier." The fish had been caught, taken to the market, and sold to the cook, who took him into the kitchen and cut him open with a large knife. She picked up the soldier and held him by the waist between her finger and thumb, and carried him into the room.

They were all anxious to see this wonderful soldier who had traveled about inside a fish; but he was not at all proud. They placed him on the table, and — how many curious things do happen in the world! — there he was in the very same room from the window of which he had fallen. There were the same children, the same playthings standing on the table, and the pretty castle with the lovely little dancer at the door. She still balanced herself on one leg, and held up the other, so she was as firm as himself. It touched the tin soldier so much to see her that he almost wept tin tears, but he kept them back. He only looked at her, and they both were silent.

Presently one of the little boys took up the tin soldier, and threw him into the stove. He had no reason for doing so, therefore it must have been the fault of the black goblin who lived in the snuff-box. The

flames lighted up the tin soldier as he stood, and the heat was very great. Then he could see that the bright colors were faded from his uniform, but whether they had been washed off during his journey, or from the effects of his sorrow, no one could say.

He looked at the little lady, and she looked at him. He felt himself melting away, but he still stood firm with his gun on his shoulder. Suddenly the door of the room flew open, and a draught of air caught up the little dancer. She flew right into the stove by the side of the tin soldier, and was at once in flames and was gone.

The tin soldier melted down into a lump, and the next morning, when the maid-servant took the ashes out of the stove, she found him in the shape of a little tin heart. But of the little dancer nothing remained but the tinsel rose, which was burnt black as a cinder.

- Adapted from Hans Christian Andersen.



PICTURE FOR A STORY.



THE TUG OF WAR.

LESSON XLVIII.

Buttercup Gold.

BLEND.

1.	sīģķ¢d	13.	găth'er¢d	25.	rē t <u>ũr</u> n¢d′
2.	s <u>tr</u> ĕ <u>n</u> gth	14.	s <u>up</u> <u>pl</u> y'	26 .	mĕd'ĭ ç <u>in</u> ¢
3.	$st\overline{ew} \not\in d$	15.	kĭ#ch'ĕn	27 .	ŏp'pō <u>şit</u> ¢
4.	<u>ch</u> ē¢r'ful	16.	pĕt'als	2 8.	rē mĕm'ber¢d
5.	€ăr'rĭ¢	17.	prĕ'©øus	29.	fī'nal ly
6.	eŏt'taġ¢	18.	$m\breve{e}t'al$	3 0.	dē çīd'ed
7.	dŏe't <u>ðr</u>	19.	<u>pr</u> ē p <u>âr</u> ¢′	31.	<u>qu</u> ạn'tĭ t ў
8.	eov'er¢d	2 0.	kĕt'tl¢	32.	sĕv'er al
9.	th <u>ou</u> 'ṣand <u>th</u>	21.	t <u>im</u> 'ĭd	33 .	<u>pr</u> ĕş'ent ly
10.	mĭl'lions	22 .	<u>ũr</u> ġ'ing	34.	fēar'ful ly
11.	p <u>ēr</u> hăps'	23.	bŏt'tom	35.	bŏb'ō lĭ <u>n</u> k
12.	b <u>ũr</u> ′d¢n	24.	sē' <u>c</u> rĕt	3 6.	ġĕn'tl¢ man
	37. d <u>if</u> ′fĭ €ŭl	t ў	38. d <u>is</u> ăp	p <u>oi</u> r	$\mathbf{t'ment}$

Once upon a time there was a little girl whose name was Carrie. She lived alone with her mother in a small cottage by a field, and they were very poor. The little girl had been ill for a long time, and though now she was able to be up, she was too weak to help her mother, as she wished to do. Her illness had cost a great deal, and her mother had to work harder than ever to get money to pay for the doctor and the medicine, as well as to buy something to eat.

The field opposite them was covered with beautiful golden buttercups, and as Carrie sat looking out of the window one morning, wishing for the thousandth time she were able to make some money for her mother, she remembered that some one had said there was real gold in the buttercups.

- "Just look, mother," she said; "there must be millions and millions of gold in all these flowers."
- "Perhaps so, dear; but I am afraid it is gold that we shall never get;" and the widow sighed a little as she thought what a very few of the "millions and millions of gold" it would take to lighten her burden.

After her mother had gone to her work, Carrie thought again of the gold, and how much her mother needed it, and finally decided to get some. So she started to the field and gathered a large quantity of the yellow flowers — so large, indeed, that she had to stop

and rest several times before she could get them into the house, for the little girl was still very weak.

After a while, though, she had the supply in the little kitchen, and then she began to wonder how she was to get the gold. She took some flowers and tore them to pieces, but in vain, for among the scattered petals she couldn't find a trace of the precious metal.

Finally a bright thought struck her. They had to use heat to prepare metals. She would put the flowers on and boil them, as her mother boiled the meat to get the strength into her beef tea when she was so ill.

So she put them into the kettle, and, taking her little pail, went twice to the spring for water to cover them. Then she made the fire and put them on to boil. They boiled and boiled for a long time, until finally Carrie decided that if there was any gold in them it would surely show now, so she lifted the kettle and with great difficulty carried it out to the porch. Then she lifted the lid and looked for the gold, but to her great disappointment there was none to be seen; only a kettle full of ugly, stewed weeds, for even the pretty yellow of the flowers was lost.

Poor little Carrie! So this was the end of all her

work. It was too much for her, and the little girl dropped down on the porch and began to cry bitterly. Presently she heard a voice say, "Well, little girl, you seem to be in trouble. Stop crying, and tell me about it."

Carrie started up fearfully, for she was a timid little girl; but she saw only a nice old gentleman, who spoke to her so kindly that she forgot to be afraid of him, and after a little urging she told him all about her disappointment.

"Ah," said he, as she finished, "I see how it is. Gold, my dear, is heavy, and would go to the bottom. Go into the house and get a large spoon, and perhaps we shall find some."

While Carrie did as he told her, his hand went into his pocket, and if any one had been near he might have heard a little splash, as if something heavy had been dropped into the water. But there was no one in sight, except a little bird up in a tree, and he did not tell the secret, but only sang, "Bobolink, bobolink," louder than ever when Carrie returned with the spoon.

The old gentleman took the spoon and dived down among the cooked-up flowers, and soon brought out two

large gold pieces, which he gave to Carrie, and then went away, looking as happy as the little girl herself.

When the mother returned that evening, she found a very cheerful little girl waiting for her, and her tired face brightened as she saw the money and heard Carrie's story.



"BUTTERCUP GOLD."

"Well, my dear," she said, as Carrie finished, "it was very good of you to work so hard to get the gold, but I am afraid if the kind gentleman had not come you would never have found it."

⁻ From "Springtime Flowers," by MAE RUTH NORCROSS.

LESSON XLIX.

The Little Match-seller.

PART I.

BLEND.

1.	rōạm¢d	13.	răp'ĭd	25 .	s <u>pl</u> ŭt'ter¢d
2.	sējz¢d	14.	<u>cr</u> ā′dl∳	26.	rē mājns'
3.	d <u>âr</u> ¢d	15.	ā' <u>pr</u> òn	27 .	v <u>an</u> 'ish¢d
4.	stŏpp¢d	16.	mă#ch'ĕs	2 8.	s <u>no</u> w'flāk¢s
5.	<u>br</u> åss	17.	shō¼l'ders	29 .	eăr'rĭøġ ĕs
6.	s <u>tr</u> ĕ¢ch¢d	18.	shīn'ing	30.	shĭv'er ing
7.	nā'k <u>ed</u>	19.	be twē¢n'	31.	mĭş'er ğ
8.	sl <u>ip</u> 'pers	20 .	mon'¢ÿ	32 .	sā'v <u>ðr</u> ў
9.	in dē∉d'	21.	al though'	33.	rē mĕm'ber
10.	be lŏ <u>n</u> ¢¢d'	22 .	frōz'∉n	34.	rē'al ly
11.	<u>cr</u> ēa't <u>ure</u>	23.	p <u>ēr</u> hăps'	35 .	won'der ful
12 .	a $void'$	24.	b <u>ũr</u> n'ing	36.	or'nå ment

It was very cold and nearly dark on the last evening of the old year, and the snow was falling fast. In the cold and the darkness a poor little girl, with bare head and naked feet, roamed through the streets. It is true she had had a pair of slippers when she left home, but they were not of much use. They were very large, for they had belonged to her mother, and the poor little creature had lost them in running across the street to avoid two carriages that were rolling along at a rapid rate. One of the slippers she could not find, and a boy seized upon the other and ran away with it, saying that he could use it as a cradle, when he had children of his own.

So the little girl went on with her little naked feet, which were quite red and blue with the cold. In an old apron she carried a number of matches, and had a bundle of them in her hands. No one had bought anything of her the whole day, nor had any one given her even a penny.

Shivering with cold and hunger, she crept along; poor little child, she looked the picture of misery. The snowflakes fell on her long, fair hair which hung in curls on her shoulders. Lights were shining from every window, and there was a savory smell of roast goose, for it was New Year's Eve—yes, she remembered that. In a corner between two houses she sank down, and drew

her little feet under her, but she could not keep off the cold.

She dared not go home, for she had sold no matches. and could not take home even a penny of money.

father would surely beat her; besides, it was almost as cold at home as here, for they had only the roof to cover them, and through it the wind howled, although the largest holes had been stopped up with straw and rags.

Her little hands were almost frozen with cold. Ah! perhaps a burning match might be of some good, if she could draw it from the bundle and strike it against the wall, just to warm her fingers. She drew one out—"Scratch!" how it spluttered as it burnt! It gave a warm, bright light, the poor little match-seller.



like a candle, as she held her hand over it. It was really a wonderful light.

It seemed to the little girl as if she were sitting by a large iron stove, with brass feet and a brass ornament. How the fire burned! and it seemed so beautifully warm that the child stretched out her feet as if to warm them, when, lo! the flame of the match went out, the stove vanished, and she had only the remains of the half-burnt match in her hand.

LESSON L.

The Little Match-seller.

PART II.

BLEND.

1. rŭbb ¢d	7. <u>ĕar</u> th	13. wạd'dl¢d
2. b <u>ũr</u> st	8. dawn	14. m <u>er</u> 'chant
3. v <u>e</u> /l	9. eòv'er¢d	15. th <u>ou</u> 'sands
4. jŭmp¢d	10. s <u>pl</u> ĕn'did	16. tā'pers
5. löv é d	11. s <u>ĕr</u> v'ĭç¢	17. <u>br</u> anch'ĕs
6. glōw¢d	12. stēam'ing	18. eòl' <u>ðr</u> ¢d

19. hīgh'er	24. smīl'ing	30. glō'rĭ øus
20. lēáv'ing	25. lēán'ing	31. b¢¢ū'tĭ ful
21. be hīnd'	26. stiff'ness	32. im ăġ'in¢d
22. ăp pēar¢d'	27. ĕn'ter¢d	33. Chr <u>is</u> ť mas <u>tr</u> ē¢
23 . hŭ <u>n</u> ' \bar{g} er	28. tā'bl¢ <u>cl</u> ŏ <u>th</u>	34. gr <u>and</u> 'möth er
	29. ăp pēar'anç¢	

The little girl rubbed another match on the wall. It burst into a flame, and where its light fell, the wall became as thin as a veil, and she could see into the room. The table was covered with a snowy white tablecloth, on which stood a splendid dinner service and a steaming roast goose, stuffed with apples and dried plums. And what was still more wonderful, the goose jumped down from the dish and waddled across the floor, with a knife and fork in its breast, to the little girl. Then the match went out, and there remained nothing but the thick, damp, cold wall before her.

She lighted another match, and then she found herself sitting under a beautiful Christmas tree. It was larger and more beautiful than the one she had seen through the glass door at the rich merchant's. Thousands of tapers were burning upon the green branches, and colored pictures, like those she had seen in the showwindows, looked down upon it all. The little one stretched out her hand toward them, and the match went out.

The Christmas lights rose higher and higher, till they looked to her like the stars in the sky. Then she saw a star fall, leaving behind a bright streak of fire. "Some one is dying," thought the little girl; for her old grandmother, who was now dead, the only one who had ever loved her, had told her that when a star falls a soul is going up to God.

She again rubbed a match on the wall, and the light shone round her; in the brightness stood her old grandmother, clear and shining, yet mild and loving. "Grandmother," cried the little one, "oh, take me with you; I know you will go away when the match burns out; you will vanish like the warm stove, the roast goose, and the large, glorious Christmas tree."

And she made haste to light the whole bundle of matches, for she wished to keep her grandmother there. The matches glowed with a light that was brighter than the noonday, and her grandmother had never appeared so large or so beautiful. She took the little girl in her arms, and they both flew upwards in brightness and joy

far above the earth, where there was neither cold, nor hunger, nor pain, for they were with God.

In the dawn of morning there lay the poor little one, with pale cheeks and smiling mouth, leaning against the wall; she had been frozen to death on the last evening of the old year. The child still sat, holding the matches in her hand, one bundle of which was burnt. "She tried to warm herself," said some. No one imagined what beautiful things she had seen, or into what glory she had entered with her grandmother, on New Year's Day.

— Adapted from HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

LESSON LI.

•0%C0•

BLEND.

¹ 1 .	tøŭ <u>ch</u>	8.	m <u>is</u> ≰'ĕs	15 .	<u>dr</u> ĕss'ĕs
2.	ēaves	9.	lov¢'ly	16.	sĭl'ver
3.	$t\bar{r}r\not\in d$	10.	pär't ў	17.	st <u>ate</u> 'ly
4 .	fĕl'lō₩	11.	<u>br</u> ĭl'liant	18.	t <u>ow</u> 'ers
5.	sē' <u>cr</u> ĕt	12 .	yĕl'lōw	19.	tĕm'pl¢s
6.	moøn'beam	13.	Mī'das	2 0.	wĕl' <u>come</u> d
7.	mā'pl¢	14.	b <u>ĩr</u> ch'ĕs	21 .	lā'd ў

22. rōv'ing	25. fä'ther	29. un der nēath'
23. röll'ing	26. vĭş'it ör	30. păl'aç ĕs
24. ō b <u>e</u> ∳′	27. glit'ter ing	31. f <u>âir</u> 'ў l <u>and</u>
	28. ī'çĭ cl¢	•

1. A Little Visitor.

There's a busy little fellow,
Who came to town last night,
When all the world was fast asleep,
The children's eyes shut tight.
I cannot tell you how he came,
For well the secret's hid;
But I think upon a moonbeam bright,
Way down to earth he slid.

He brought the Misses Maple
Each a lovely party gown;
It was brilliant red and yellow,
With a dash or two of brown;
And he must have had a Midas touch,
For, if the truth is told,
The birches all, from top to toe,
He dressed in cloth of gold.

Then he took a glittering icicle
From underneath the eaves,
And with it, on my window,
Drew such shining silver leaves,
Such fair and stately palaces,
Such towers and temples grand,
Their like I'm sure was never seen
Outside of Fairyland.



JACK FROST'S PICTURES.

Who is this busy little man,
Whose coming brings us joy?
For I'm very sure he's welcomed
By every girl and boy;

The little stars all saw him,

Tho' they will not tell a soul;

But I've heard his calling card read thus:

J. Frost, Esq., North Pole.

- Helen Standish Perkins.

2. Lady Moon.

- "Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?"
 "Over the sea."
- "Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?"
 "All that love me."
- "Are you not tired with rolling, and never Resting to sleep?
- Why look so pale and so sad, as forever Wishing to weep?"
- "Ask me not this, little child, if you love me; You are too bold;
- I must obey my dear Father above me, And do as I'm told."
- "Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?"
 "Over the sea."
- "Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?"
 "All that love me."

-LORD HOUGHTON.

LESSON LII. The Silver Penny.

PART I.

BLEND.

1.	<u>þ́ieir</u> s	15 .	<u>th</u> rĕát'énéd	3 0.	ăs sĕm′bl¢
2 .	<u>pl</u> ŭnġ¢d	16.	$dis'tanç \phi$	31.	ŭt'ter ly
3.	n <u>e</u> jgh'b <u>õr</u> s	17.	ăc çĕpt'ed	32 .	hĭth'er to
4.	<u>tr</u> ăv'ĕls	18.	<u>ch</u> ē¢r'ful ly	33.	$d\bar{e} \ \underline{\tilde{ser}}t'ed$
5.	wạn'der¢d	19.	dĭ vīd'ed	34 .	eŏm <u>pl</u> ēt¢'ly
6.	<u>pr</u> ŏmøt'ly	20 .	rē ward'ed	35 .	<u>pr</u> ĭş'øn ers
7.	săļm'on	2 1.	ăs t <u>on</u> ′ish¢d	36.	eăp'ĭ tal
8.	dē ṣīr¢′	22 .	b <u>ou</u> nd'å r ў	37 .	măj'ĕs tў
9.	no′tĭç¢d	23 .	mĕr'rĭ ment	3 8.	p <u>it</u> 'ĭ ful ly
10.	nā′tĭv¢	24 .	ū'nĭ <u>for</u> ms	39 .	sĕp'å rāt ed
11.	få tïgự¢'	25 .	p <u>ēr</u> sụād'ing	40 .	sŭe çĕss'ful ly
12 .	ăd vànç¢′	26 .	ĕn tă <u>n</u> 'gl∳d	41.	rē mĕm'ber ing
13.	măġ'ic	27 .	rĕġ'ĭ ment	42 .	un for'tū n <u>ate</u> ly
14.	$d\bar{e} sp\underline{\hat{a}ir'}$	2 8.	ĕn'ē mÿ	43 .	im me'dĭ ate ly
		29 .	sŭd'dĕn ly		

Marzi had been a soldier for many years, and he was as merry as he was brave. The king under whom he served never went to war with any of his neighbors; so, seeing that he was not likely to make a name in the army, Marzi made up his mind to return to his home.

He arrived there to find that his father was just dead, and his goods were about to be divided among his heirs. The soldier was much surprised to receive as his share nothing more or less than a silver penny. However, he accepted this fresh stroke of ill luck as cheerfully as he had done every other, and turning his back on his old home he set out on his travels very little richer than when he had reached his father's house.

He wandered on for some time until he came to a wood. Here he was stopped by a poor old beggar with gray hair who begged pitifully for alms. At once Marzi plunged his hand into his pocket and gave the old man the silver penny.

The beggar thanked him gratefully, and said, "Your . goodness shall be richly rewarded. Only speak, and whatever you wish shall be granted to you."

Marzi, much astonished, answered promptly, "Since it is only to wish I have, I should rather have the power

of changing myself at will into a dove, into a hare, and into a salmon, than anything else in the world."

"Your desire is granted," said the beggar. "Go your way, and think sometimes of me." Hardly had he said these words when he vanished.

The strange words of the old beggar so filled the soldier's mind that he never noticed that he had passed over the boundary of his native country. Before sunset he found himself in a strange city, where all was merriment, and in the midst of dancing and singing, soldiers in glittering uniforms were persuading young men to enlist in the army, for the king of the country had entangled himself in a war and had not enough men to carry it on successfully.

In spite of his fatigue the soldier joined the dancing and merrymaking, and before he knew what he had done he had a hat with a waving plume on his head and a silver shilling in his pocket, for he had enlisted as a soldier again. The next day he found himself once more leading his former life, and soon after his regiment was ordered to advance and attack the enemy.

Now the king had once been given a magic ring, which made its owner all-powerful while he wore it.

Unfortunately it happened that just at this time, when it would have been of most use to him, the king had left his ring at home. The enemy's army marched against him, and fell on his men so suddenly that he was obliged to retreat in order to assemble fresh troops, and although he soon filled up his ranks his efforts were fruitless. His hitherto unfailing luck seemed to have deserted him utterly, and his men saw that they would soon be completely defeated and taken prisoners along with their leader.

Then the king called out in despair, "The man who brings me my ring before we are overpowered by the enemy shall have the hand of my only daughter as his reward."

But the danger that threatened them was so near, and the distance to travel for the ring so great, that the quickest rider would not trust himself to be back in time. At the best it would take seven days and seven nights to cross the rivers, and mountains, and plains that separated the capital from the camp.

Then Marzi, remembering the three magic gifts the old beggar had given him, stepped forward, and said, "Your Majesty shall have your ring immediately, and then I beg you to remember your promise." In a moment he shook himself, and in the shape of a hare fled as fast as lightning through the tents of the soldiers.

LESSON LIII. The Silver Penny.

PART II.

BLEND.

1.	$\underline{\mathbf{dr}}$ ē $\mathbf{\acute{a}m}$ ¢ \mathbf{d}	13.	s¢ĭş′ <u>şõr</u> s	25.	pŏs'sĭ bl¢
2.	warn ¢ d	14.	sēįz'ing	26 .	n <u>at</u> 'ū ral
3.	p ăl' aç¢	15.	jø̃ūr'n ¢ ў	27 .	won'der ful
4.	fĕath'ers	16.	$ar{ extbf{o}} \; ar{ extbf{bl}} ar{ extbf{g}} ar{ extbf{e}} \mathbf{d'}$	28.	m <u>is</u> for′tūn¢
5.	p <u>ũr</u> ′pỏs¢	17.	$\underline{\mathrm{pr}}$ ŏm'is \notin d	29 .	dē t <u>ĕr</u> ′m <u>in</u> ¢d
6.	h <u>an</u> ¢'some	18.	for'tūn¢	3 0.	$r\bar{e} peat'ed$
7.	ĕn'vÿ	19.	ăr rīv¢d′	31.	m <u>ũr</u> 'der er
8.	hŭş'band	20.	rē j <u>oi</u> ç¢d'	32 .	un hăp'p ў
9.	eŏm'răd¢s	21.	$\underline{\mathrm{br}}$ īd¢' $\underline{\mathrm{gro}}$ øm	33.	sŭf'fer ing
10.	tō'k¢ns	22.	rē fūş¢d′	34.	d <u>is</u> cov'er
11.	mō'ment	23.	bă <u>n</u> 'quĕt	35 .	hĕnç¢ for'w <u>ãr</u> d
12.	dē månd'	24.	dŏe't <u>õr</u> s	36.	vī'ō lent ly

Soon he came to a broad river, where he shook himself again, and in the shape of a silver salmon swam across it. When he had reached the other side he shook himself once more, and flew in the shape of a dove, quicker than the wind, over hill and dale. Before the king in his camp could have dreamed it possible, Marzi had reached the palace; and flying through an open window into the room of the beautiful princess, he perched upon her knee.

The king's daughter petted the tame dove, and was giving it milk and sugar when suddenly it shook its feathers violently, and Marzi in his own natural form stood before the astonished eyes of the princess. He told her at once for what purpose he had come, and when she had heard his story she was delighted to think she was to have such a brave and handsome soldier for a husband. She gave him the wonderful ring, and warned him at the same time to beware, on his return to the camp, of the envy of his comrades.

For fear he should be robbed of the ring on his way back, or lest any other misfortune should happen to him, Marzi begged the princess to keep three tokens of him to show the king. Then he shook himself



THE DOVE FLIES TO THE PRINCESS.

and became a dove once more. Perching on her knee, he said, —

"Princess fair, before me kneel,
And from my wings two feathers steal."

The princess did as she was bid, and pulled two beautiful feathers out of the dove's wings.

When she had done this, the dove shook itself and a lovely silver salmon lay before her, and said, —

"Princess, with your finger-nails
Scrape off eight of my silvery scales."

And the princess took eight lovely silver scales from the fish's back.

In a moment the salmon shook itself and turned into a hare, which said,—

"Princess mine, yet one demand —
Cut off my tail with your own fair hand."

The princess took a pair of scissors and cut off the hare's tail, and put all three tokens into a little box, which she placed under lock and key among her other treasures.

Then Marzi again changed himself into a dove, which, seizing the magic ring in its beak, flew with all haste out of the window. It was a long journey back, and the ring was very heavy. Just as the dove came in sight of the camp a wind suddenly arose, and beat so violently against its wings that it was obliged to give up flying, and turn itself into a hare. Then, taking the ring between its teeth, it ran as fast as its legs could carry it, till it was close to the king's tent.

Marzi soon found that the princess's fears had not been groundless. One of his comrades, who had seen him run away in the shape of a hare, was so filled with envy that he determined to waylay the soldier on his way back, and to seize from him the magic ring which he had promised the king. This man hid himself behind a bush, and when the hare passed by he shot it, and, taking the ring out of its mouth, he took it to the king. The king was greatly delighted at getting his magic gift again, and repeated once more the reward he had promised to the bringer.

Hardly an hour had passed when the fortune of the war changed, and success was henceforward on the king's side. When the war was over, the king set forth with his army to his own country, and arrived at his capital amid the joyful shouts of his people. The princess rejoiced greatly over his return, but her eyes sought in vain, among the ranks of brave soldiers, for her bridegroom.

Then the king advanced to meet her, and leading Marzi's murderer before her, said, "Here he is to whom I have promised your hand—the brave soldier who brought me the ring. To-morrow your wedding shall

take place at the same time as the feast in honor of our success."

When the princess heard these words she burst out crying, and did not cease all day or night. So unhappy was she that she became very ill. She refused to take any food, and never stopped crying for a minute, so that both the wedding and the banquet had to be put off. The suffering of his daughter made the king very unhappy, but neither he nor the doctors could discover the cause of it.

LESSON LIV.

The Silver Penny.

PART III.

BLEND.

1.	moør	7.	rī'vals	13.	p ŭz' zl ¢ d
2.	boøn	8.	ŏf'fer¢d	14.	mean'tīm¢
3.	a līv¢′	9.	$w\underline{ed}'ding$	15.	hặp'p¢n¢d
4.	härd'ly	10.	g ăl′lō w ş	16.	hās'#øn¢d
5.	dē¢p'est	11.	dē fēat'	17.	<u>pr</u> ĕş'enç¢
6.	l <u>is</u> '##n	12 .	rē s <u>tr</u> ājn'	18.	eŏm månd'

19. măr'rĭ¢d	23. pēáç¢'ful ly	27. mō'ti\psi less
20. k <u>ing</u> 'dòm	24. hặp'pĭ ly	28. ex ăct'ly
21. eŏ <u>n</u> 'qµer¢d	25. <u>joy</u> 'ful ly	29. <u>pr</u> ē <u>s</u> ĕnt'ed
22. $trans form \phi d'$	26. fī'nal ly	30. ăe'tū al ly

In the meantime Marzi was lying on the ground, and was very nearly becoming food for the crows, when one day the old beggar who had given him the three magic gifts, happening to come along the field, found the poor little hare lying stiff and stark on the ground. He knew Marzi at once, and said, "Hare, get up and live again. Shake yourself, and go as fast as your legs will carry you to the palace, for another stands there in your place. Make haste, or you will be too late."

Then the hare sprang up alive and well, and hastened with all its might over moor and heath; and when it came to the banks of the broad river it turned itself into a silver salmon and swam across. Then it transformed itself once more into a dove, and flew swiftly over hill and dale until it reached the king's palace. Here it shook itself, and Marzi, the soldier, stood once more in his king's presence. But the king would not listen to Marzi's story, and said that he was

telling a lie, at the same time showing him the man who had brought the magic ring.

This meeting so upset Marzi that he could hardly restrain his tears; but he said, "I have spoken the truth. Let the princess be called. She will tell who is her rightful bridegroom."

They went to the princess and found her still in the deepest grief; but the moment her eye lighted on Marzi she sprang up and ran joyfully toward him, crying, "Here is my real bridegroom; it was to him I gave the ring, and to him alone the defeat of the enemy is due."

This astonished every one greatly. The king was puzzled as to how he was to act, for he only knew that one of the men had offered to bring the ring, and that the other had actually brought it.

Then the princess got her box in which she had kept Marzi's tokens, and said to her father, "Command the rivals to change themselves in turn into a dove, a salmon, and a hare."

The king did as she asked, and the false bridegroom stood motionless with fear.

But of a sudden Marzi shook himself, and changing into a dove, he perched on the princess's knee, and said, —

"Princess dear, put my feathers back; One in each wing you'll find I lack."

Then the princess took the two feathers out of her box and stuck them into the dove's wings so that every one saw they belonged to the bird.

In a minute the dove had shaken itself, and in its place lay a silver salmon, which said,—

"Now, sweet princess, one boon I crave — Put back the silver scales I gave."

The princess took the eight silver scales, and all eyes could see that they came off the fish's back. Finally, the salmon shook itself and sprang in the form of a hare to the princess's feet, and said,—

"My bride so sweet, princess so fair, Give up the tail of the little hare."

Then every one saw with his own eyes that the hare had lost its tail, and that the one the princess took out of her little box fitted it exactly. And, last of all, the hare also shook itself, and Marzi stood before them all in his natural form.

As soon as the king had heard the story, he had the false bridegroom caught and hung on the nearest gallows. The very next day the princess was married to her brave soldier, and never before was there such a merry wedding. The king presented the kingdom he had conquered to Marzi, who was crowned king, and they all lived peacefully and happily to the end of their lives.

—Selected.

LESSON LV. The Twelve Months.

PART I.

BLEND.

1.	to <u>n</u> gyl¢	11. m <u>an</u> 'tl¢	21. eär'pĕt
2.	ståff	12. t <u>im</u> 'ĭd	22. w <u>ick</u> 'ed
3.	wrapped	13. frē¢z'ing	23. bås'kĕt
4.	<u>th</u> ă <u>n</u> k¢d	14. nŏd'ded	24. sī'lent
5.	wĭd′ō¢	15. rē \underline{pl} ī ϕ d'	25. sē¢′şøn
6.	no <u>th</u> 'ing	16. ō'p¢n¢d	26. <u>ē</u> old′∳n
7.	fŏr'est	17. găth'er	27. ru'bĭ¢s
8.	wạn'der¢d	18. boyi qyi <u>e</u> t'	28. $\bar{\mathbf{a}}'\mathbf{pr}$ on
9.	dis'tanç	19. hŭr'rĭ¢d	29. dē v <u>our</u> ¢d′
10.	fĭg'ure	20. y <u>on</u> 'der	30. m <u>ou</u> n'tain

31. frā'granç¢	35. Kả tĭ <u>n</u> ′kả	39. s <u>tra</u> w'bĕr rĭ¢s
32. <u>tr</u> ĕm' <u>bl</u> ing	36. vī'ō lets	40. ĕm'er alds
33. ī dē'ā	37. m <u>o</u> 'tìøn less	41. im ăġ'in¢
34. Dō <u>br</u> ŭn'kå	38. ăs t <u>on</u> 'ish¢d	42. d <u>is</u> dā/n'ful
43. stĕp	'-davigh ter 44.	J <u>an</u> 'ū ā r ў

There was once a woman who was left a widow with two children. The elder, who was only her step-daughter, was named Dobrunka; the younger was called Katinka. The mother loved her daughter, but she hated Dobrunka because she was as beautiful as her sister was ugly.

Dobrunka had to sweep, cook, spin, weave, and take care of the cow, while Katinka lived like a princess.

One day about the middle of January, Katinka took a fancy for some violets. She called Dobrunka and said, "Go to the forest and bring me a bunch of violets."

- "Oh, sister, what an idea!" answered Dobrunka, "as if there were any violets under the snow!"
- "Hold your tongue," returned her sister, "and do as I bid you! If you do not go to the forest and bring me back a bunch of violets, I will beat you."

The poor girl went to the forest, weeping bitterly.

Everything was covered with snow; she soon lost her way and wandered about cold and hungry.

All at once she saw a light in the distance. She went toward it, and at last reached a great fire. Around the fire were twelve stones, and on each stone sat a motionless figure, wrapped in a large mantle.

Dobrunka drew near, saying in a timid voice, "My good sirs, please let me warm myself by your fire; I am freezing."

One of the old men, who had a long white beard and carried a staff in his hand, looked up and nodded his head. "Why have you come here, my child?" he asked. "What are you looking for?"

- "I am looking for violets," replied Dobrunka.
- "There are no violets in the time of snow," said the old man.
- "I know it," replied Dobrunka; "but my sister and mother will beat me if I do not bring them some. Please tell me where I can find them."

The old man rose, and, turning to a young man in a green mantle, put the staff in his hand, and said to him:—

"Brother March, this is your business."

March rose and stirred the fire with the staff, when behold! the snow melted, the grass turned green, and the violets opened — it was spring.

"Make haste, my child, and gather your violets," said March.

Dobrunka gathered a large bunch of flowers, thanked the Twelve Months, and hurried home.

- "Where did you find these flowers?" asked Katinka, very much astonished.
- "Up yonder on the mountain," answered her sister.

 "It looked like a great blue carpet under the bushes."

Katinka took the flowers and did not even thank the poor child.

The next morning the wicked sister took a fancy for some strawberries.

- "Go to the forest and bring me some strawberries," said she to Dobrunka.
- "Oh, sister, what an idea! as if there were any strawberries under the snow!"
- "Hold your tongue, and do as I bid you. If you do not go to the forest and bring me back a basket of strawberries, I will beat you."

The poor girl returned to the forest, looking with all

her eyes for the light that she had seen the day before. After a time she saw it, and reached the fire trembling and almost frozen.

The Twelve Months were in their places, motionless and silent.

- "My good sirs," said Dobrunka, "please let me warm myself by your fire; I am almost frozen."
- "Why have you returned?" asked January. "For what are you looking?"
 - "I am looking for strawberries," answered she.
- "This is not the season for them," returned January; "there are no strawberries under the snow."
- "I know it," replied Dobrunka; "but my mother and sister will beat me if I do not bring them. Please tell me where I can find some."

Old January rose, and turning to a man in a golden mantle, put the staff into his hand, saying, "Brother June, this is your business."

June stirred the fire with the staff, when behold! the snow melted, the trees were covered with leaves, the birds sang, the flowers opened—it was summer. Dobrunka saw hundreds of strawberries, looking, in their green cups, like rubies set in emeralds.

Dobrunka filled her apron, thanked the Twelve Months, and joyfully ran home. You may imagine the astonishment of Katinka and the stepmother. The fragrance of the strawberries filled the whole house.



DOBRUNKA WANDERED THROUGH THE FOREST.

- "Where did you find these fine things?" asked Katinka in a disdainful voice.
 - "Up yonder on the mountain," answered her sister.

Then the mother and sister devoured the berries without even thanking the poor child.

LESSON LVI. The Twelve Months.

PART II.

BLEND.

1.	$ h \underline{ ext{ir}} ext{d}$	12 .	s <u>ũr pr</u> īṣ¢'	23.	çĕl'l <u>ār</u>
2.	$\underline{\mathbf{cl}}\mathbf{m}\not\!\!\!/\!\!\!/\!\!\!/\mathbf{d}$	13.	<u>ch</u> ĕr'rğ	24.	ăp <u>pr</u> ōach¢d'
3.	$\operatorname{st{\check{o}}pp}{\not{e}d}$.	14.	$J\bar{\mathbf{u}}\ l\bar{\mathbf{y}}'$	25.	for'tū nat¢
4.	$fr\underline{ow}n\not ed$	15.	hās'#¢n¢d	26.	rē p <u>eat</u> 'ed
5.	pl <u>un</u> ġ¢d	16.	pō līt¢′	27 .	Sĕp tĕm'ber
6.	ē nøŭg <u>h</u> ′	17.	rē <u>tr</u> āç¢′	2 8.	dē lĭ′€løus
7.	sĕe'ond	18.	st <u>if</u> f'¢n¢d	29.	rē grĕt'ted
8.	nēj'ther	19.	rē mā∤n¢d′	30.	a b <u>an</u> 'don
9.	ğ är′d∳n	2 0.	m <u>is'tr</u> ĕss	31.	<u>cr</u> ĕv'ĭç ĕs
10.	p <u>ũr</u> ′pl¢	21.	ĕn'ter	32.	ăe e <u>or</u> d'ing
11.	an'tŭmn	22 .	<u>pr</u> ŏv' <u>ēr</u> b	33.	p <u>ēr</u> mĭ\$'sìøn
	34. grāy'-be	eard	ed 35. c	ĕr'e mō	nĭ¢s

34. grā∳'-be≉rd ed 35. çĕr'e mō nĭ¢s

The third day the wicked sister took a fancy for some red apples. Once more Dobrunka found herself in the forest; once more she ran to the mountain and

was fortunate enough to find the Twelve Months warming themselves, motionless and silent.

"You here again, my child?" said old January, making room for her by the fire. Dobrunka told him, with tears, that if she did not bring home some red apples, her mother and sister would beat her.

Old January repeated the ceremonies of the day before. "Brother September," said he to a graybearded man in a purple mantle, "this is your business."

September rose and stirred the fire with the staff, when behold! the snow melted, and the trees put forth a few yellow leaves, which fell one by one before the wind—it was autumn. Dobrunka saw but one thing,—an apple tree with its rosy fruit.

"Make haste, my child, shake the tree," said September.

She shook it, and an apple fell; she shook it again, and a second apple fell.

"Make haste, Dobrunka, make haste home!" cried September.

The good child thanked the Twelve Months, and joyfully ran home. You may imagine the surprise of Katinka and the stepmother.

- "Where did you get these apples?" asked Katinka.
- "Up yonder on the mountain; there is a tree there that is as red with them as a cherry tree in July."

Katinka tasted one of the apples. She had never eaten anything so delicious in her life, nor had her mother. How they regretted not having more apples!

"Mother," said Katinka, "give me my fur cloak. I will go to the forest and find the tree, and I will shake it so hard that all the apples shall be ours."

The mother tried to stop her, but Katinka wrapped herself in her fur cloak, drew the hood over her head, and hastened to the forest.

Everything was covered with snow. Katinka lost her way, but she pushed on. She spied a light in the distance. She climbed and climbed till she reached the place, and found the Twelve Months each seated on his stone, motionless and silent. Without asking their permission, she approached the fire.

- "Why have you come here? What do you want? Where are you going?" asked old January.
- "What matters it to you?" answered Katinka, who was never very polite.

January frowned, and raised his staff above his

head. The fire went out; the snow fell and the wind blew. Katinka could not see the way before her. She tried in vain to retrace her steps. The snow fell and the wind blew. Katinka froze, her limbs stiffened, and she fell motionless. The snow still fell and the wind still blew.

The hours passed and Katinka did not return. "I must go and look for my daughter," said the mother. She took her fur cloak and hood and hastened to the mountain. Everything was covered with snow. She plunged into the forest, calling her daughter. The snow still fell and the wind still blew.

Dobrunka waited and waited day after day, but neither her stepmother nor Katinka ever returned. She remained the sole mistress of the house, the cow, and the garden. The Twelve Months did not abandon her. More than once when the north wind blew, and the windows shook in their frames, old January stopped up all the crevices of the house with snow, so that the cold might not enter.

Dobrunka lived to old age, always good and happy, having, according to the proverb, winter at the door, summer in the barn, autumn in the cellar, and spring in the heart.

—Adapted from the French of LABOULAYE.

LESSON LVII.

The Scarecrow.

BLEND.

1.	b <u>ou</u> gh	14.	s <u>cr</u> ēam'ing	28.	hŏr'rĭ bl¢
2.	b ŭøg	15.	a sl <u>an</u> t'	29.	b¢¢ū'tĭ ful
3.	$\mathrm{par{e}}$ r $\phi\mathrm{d}$	16.	m <u>on</u> 'ster	30.	sŭr v <u>e</u> ∲'ing
4.	p <u>ĕr</u> k∳d	17.	<u>cr</u> ēa't <u>ure</u>	31.	eŏm'ĭ eal
5.	Ģ ví y	18.	<u>pr</u> ŏs'pĕets	32 .	to g ĕth'er
6.	se <u>âr</u> ¢′ <u>cr</u> ō₩	19.	røŭg <u>h</u> 'est	33.	saví'çĭ est
7.	cl <u>us</u> 'ter¢d	2 0.	wĕath'er	34.	sē lĕet'ed
8.	br <u>is</u> 'fling	21.	pŏck'ĕt	35.	mĕr'rĭ ly
9.	fås‡'∲n	22.	ră g ' g ed	36.	hälf-eon çēal¢d'
10.	făsh'jon¢d	23.	eòv' <u>ẽr</u> t	37.	f <u>am</u> 'ĭ ly
11.	tat'ter ed	24.	<u>th</u> rīv'ing	3 8.	un d <u>is</u> t <u>ũr</u> b¢d′
12 .	ẽar'ly	25 .	hŭ <u>n</u> ′grÿ	39 .	fløŭr'ish ing
13.	<u>bl</u> ŏs'soms	26 .	tĕr'rĭ bl¢	40.	ϵ on vēn'ient
	·	27 .	thrĕat'én ing		

The farmer looked at his cherry tree,
With thick buds clustered on every bough;
"I wish I could cheat the robins," said he;
"If somebody only would show me how!

"I'll make a terrible scarecrow grim,
With threatening arms and bristling head,
And up in the tree I'll fasten him
To frighten them half to death," he said.

He fashioned a scarecrow tattered and torn—
Oh, 'twas a horrible thing to see!
And very early, one summer morn,
He set it up in his cherry tree.

The blossoms were white as the light sea-foam,

The beautiful tree was a lovely sight,

But the scarecrow stood there so much at home

All the birds flew screaming away in fright.

The robins, who watched him every day,

Heads held aslant, keen eyes so bright,

Surveying the monster, began to say,

"Why should this creature our prospects blight?

"He never moves round for the roughest weather,
He's a harmless, comical, tough old fellow;
Let's all go into the tree together,
For he won't budge till the fruit is mellow!"



So up they flew; and the sauciest pair 'Mid the shady branches peered and perked,

Selected a spot with the utmost care,
And all day merrily sang and worked.

And where do you think they built their nest?
In the scarecrow's pocket, if you please,
That, half-concealed on his ragged breast,
Made a charming covert of safety and ease!

By the time the cherries were ruby-red,
A thriving family, hungry and brisk,
The whole long day on the ripe fruit fed;
'Twas so convenient! They ran no risk!

Until the children were ready to fly,
All undisturbed they lived in the tree;
For nobody thought to look at the Guy
For a robin's flourishing family!

-CELIA THAXTER.

LESSON LVIII.

The Cat and the Fox.

BLEND.

1.	<u>cl</u> īm¢¢d	11.	hĕ¢ġ'ĕs	21.	ă <u>n</u> 'g <u>r</u> ÿ
2.	<u>th</u> rough	12.	tw <u>is</u> t'ing	22 .	bärk'ing
3.	t <u>ũr</u> n'ing	13.	m <u>or</u> n'ing	23 .	l <u>is</u> ′‡∉n
4.	wor'rĭ¢d	14.	vĭş'it	24 .	$m\bar{o}'ment$
5.	jøũr'n ¢ ў	15.	bā'eøn	25 .	eòm p <u>an</u> 'iòn
6.	dŭck'ling	16.	stō'rĭ¢s	26 .	sŭd'd¢n ly
7.	a mūş¢d′	17.	h <u>un'dr</u> ed	27 .	găl'lòp ing
8.	<u>qu</u> ạr'rĕl	18.	rē plī¢d′	2 8.	to gĕth 'er
9.	e <u>un</u> 'ning	19.	răth'er	29 .	eŏt'ta ġĕs
10.	snärl'ing	2 0.	th <u>ou</u> 'sand	30.	f <u>arm</u> 'h <u>ouş</u> ĕs

One fine summer morning a cat and a fox, who were old friends, started off on a journey together. On the road they paid little visits to cottages and to farmhouses that they had to pass, and picked up whatever they could find. They made off with hens and chickens, with ducks and ducklings, bits of cheese and scraps of bacon.

Then they rested for a little time, and amused themselves with stories. Each told the other of the funny tricks he had played. At last they began to quarrel.

- "You think yourself very sharp," said the fox; "but I am a great deal more cunning than you are. I know more than a hundred tricks."
- "Well, that is a great many," replied the cat. "I for my part know only one; but I would rather have that one trick than a thousand others."

The fox was angry, and could not agree with his companion. They kept on snarling, and saying angry things to each other, until they almost got to fighting. Suddenly a noise broke upon their ears.

- "What is it?"
- "The barking and baying of foxhounds."
- "Surely not."
- "Let us listen."
- "It is, it is! Let us be off."
- "Where are your hundred tricks now?" said the cat. "As for me, this is mine;" and he climbed into a tree in a moment.

There he was safe; and he could see his friend the fox galloping along the road as fast as his legs could

carry him. Away he ran, over field and ditch, through hedges and bushes, turning here, twisting there; but it was all in vain, the hounds were always after him. At last they were upon him, and he was caught and worried to death.

—Selected.

LESSON LIX. The Pet Lamb.

pleasure measured

BLEND.

1. to <u>n</u> gylé	9. slĕn'der	17. woøl'ĕn
2. <u>dr</u> åvights	10. tĕth'er¢d	18. eov'ert
3. h¢är <u>th</u>	11. tō′w <u>ãr</u> d	19. dē l <u>ight</u> '
4. pr <u>e</u> y	12. rē çējv¢d'	20. pē¢rs
5. <u>cr</u> ēa't <u>ure</u>	13. ĕmp't ў	21. se <u>âr</u> ç¢'ly
6. ĕs pī¢d′	14. nā't <u>ure</u>	22. <u>bl</u> ĕss'ed
7. m <u>ou</u> n'tain	15. ail'ĕ <u>th</u>	23. fājth'ful
8. mājd'¢n	16. rus'#ling	24. fēar'ful

25. ă <u>n</u> 'gr <u>ÿ</u>	29. eŏt'taġ¢	33. ē'v¢n ing
26. pås'tīm∳	30. home'w <u>ãr</u> d	34. d <u>am</u> 'şĕl
27. därk'ness	31. rē <u>tr</u> āç¢d′	35. Bär'bå rå
28. rā'v¢n	32. băl'lad	$36. \ L\overline{ew}'\underline{th}w\bar{a}/t\phi$
37. un ŏb ş	<u>ẽr</u> v¢d′ 38.	ŏf‡'¢n tīm¢s

The dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink; I heard a voice; it said, "Drink, pretty creature, drink!" And, looking o'er the hedge, before me I espied A snow-white mountain lamb with a maiden at its side.

No other sheep were near, the lamb was all alone, And by a slender cord was tethered to a stone; With one knee on the grass did the little maiden kneel, 'While to that mountain lamb she gave its evening meal.

The lamb, while from her hand he thus his supper took, Seemed to feast with head and ears; and his tail with pleasure shook.

"Drink, pretty creature, drink," she said in such a tone That I almost received her heart into my own. 'Twas little Barbara Lewthwaite, a child of beauty rare! I watched them with delight; they were a lovely pair. Now with her empty can the maiden turned away; But ere ten yards were gone her footsteps did she stay.

Towards the lamb she looked; and from that shady place

I unobserved could see the workings of her face; If Nature to her tongue could measured numbers bring, Thus, thought I, to her lamb that little maid might sing:

"What ails thee, young one? what? Why pull so at thy cord?

Is it not well with thee? well both for bed and board? Thy plot of grass is soft, and green as grass can be; Rest, little young one, rest; what is't that aileth thee?

"What is it thou wouldst seek? What is wanting to thy heart?

Thy limbs are they not strong? And beautiful thou art; This grass is tender grass; these flowers they have no peers;

And that green corn all day is rustling in thy ears!

- "If the sun be shining hot, do but stretch thy woolen chain,
- This beech is standing by, its covert thou canst gain;
 For rain and mountain storms! the like thou need'st not
 fear —
- The rain and storm are things that scarcely can come here.
- "Rest, little young one, rest; thou hast forgot the day
 When my father found thee first in places far away;
 Many flocks were on the hills, but thou wert owned by
 none,
- And thy mother from thy side forever more was gone.
- "He took thee in his arms, and in pity brought thee home:
- A blessed day for thee! then whither wouldst thou roam?
- A faithful nurse thou hast; the dam that did thee yean Upon the mountain tops no kinder could have been.
- "Thou knowest that twice a day I have brought thee in this can
- Fresh water from the brook, as clear as ever ran;

And twice in the day, when the ground is wet with dew, I bring thee draughts of milk, warm milk it is and new.

"Thy limbs will shortly be twice as stout as they are now,

Then I'll yoke thee to my cart like a pony in the plow; My playmate thou shalt be; and when the wind is cold, Our hearth shall be thy bed, our house shall be thy fold.

- "It will not, will not rest! Poor creature, can it be That 'tis thy mother's heart which is working so in thee? Things that I do not know of belike to thee are dear, And dreams of things which thou canst neither see nor hear.
- "Alas! the mountain tops that look so green and fair, I've heard of fearful winds and darkness that come there; The little brooks that seem all pastime and all play, When they are angry, roar like lions for their prey.
- "Here thou need'st not dread the raven in the sky;
 Night and day thou art safe our cottage is hard by.
 Why bleat so after me? Why pull so at thy chain?
 Sleep and at break of day I will come to thee again."

As homeward through the lane I went with lazy feet,
This song to myself did I oftentimes repeat;
And it seemed, as I retraced the ballad, line by line,
That but half of it was hers, and one half of it was mine.

Again, and once again, did I repeat the song;

"Nay," said I, "more than half to the damsel must belong,"

For she looked with such a look, and she spake with such a tone,

That I almost received her heart into my own.

- WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

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